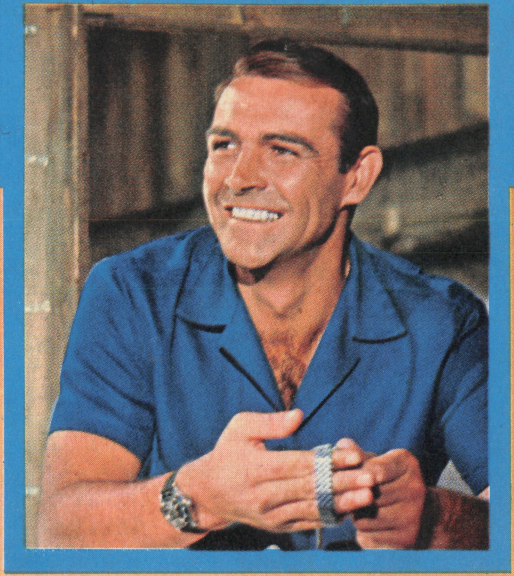
MARCH 1966 1/-

SHOWTIME

THE TOP **FILM** MONTHLY



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inside

MARCH 1966— No. 27 (Vol. 3 No. 3)

SHOWTIME
THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

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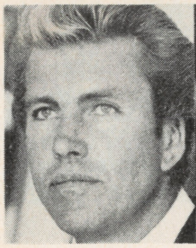
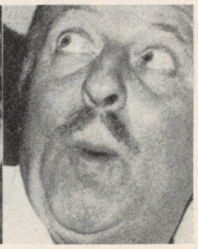


● *Bond's closest rival — Rik Van Nutter. P. 18.*

● *Claudia Cardinale goes to Hollywood. Will they let her go? P. 36.*



● *Impatient patient Arthur Haynes is in Clover. P. 44.*

6 **LOVE SWEDISH STYLE (THE TRUTH)**
The Tony Crawley Column goes to Sweden—land of the world's finest actresses?

9 **BENTINE—BY HIS WIFE**
Wife's-eye view of the Goon of numerous talents—including archery, astronomy, and cookery!

10 **WHY MIKE SLASHED THIS SCENE**
Surprising views about sexy films from Michael Caine—who's just made one called *Alfie*.

12 **THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN**
Face to face with the best-known head on TV—the Palladium's Jack Parnell.

14 **FILMS COMING YOUR WAY**
All the angles on: *Thunderball . . . Life At The Top . . . Bunny Lake Is Missing*.

18 **007's RIVAL**
Bond is in real trouble—he has a rival in his own films. Name of Rik Van Nutter.

24 **SOUVENIR PORTRAIT**
This month's stunner: Raquel Welch.

27 **DISC REVIEWS**
Flipping through the new LPs.

28 **COLOUR PORTRAIT**
Starring: Laurence Harvey in *Life At The Top*.

32 **CLAUDIA IN HOLLYWOOD**
La Cardinale makes her U.S. debut—now they don't want her to leave!

36 **WORKING WITH THE STARS—1**
Behind-scenes with James Mason's odd pet . . . Norman Wisdom's strangest audience . . . etc.

40 **"THE OGRE" MAKES A SHOCKER**
Is Otto Preminger really an ogre? Stars of *Bunny Lake Is Missing* and his other films, talk.

44 **HAYNES IS HILARIOUS!**
Arthur Haynes joins *Doctor In Clover* and steals the film. He plays a pest. Of course!

46 **THE STARS AND YOU**
Astrologer Katrina prophesies.

COVER STORY

20 **BOND? HE'S SO UNRELIABLE**
Thunderball girl Mollie Peters takes off her mink glove—and dissects 007's man-appeal.

Star Almanack

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6/9

The Tony Crawley Column

LOVE SWEDISH STYLE (THE TRUTH)

Above: The girl is Lotte Tarp, 20: Sweden's top star in *Danish* films! The man is Heinz Hopf. Their film is *Morianerna*, currently Scandinavia's most sensational success—and due in Britain this month. "It is a murder thriller," explains Lotte, "but not a sex-film—though my role is rather sexy."

My column this month comes from Sweden—land of sun, snow, smörgåsbord, sex and suicide . . . and apparently too much of all of them! Best of all, it's the land of the most exciting actresses in the world. Women who, unlike their foreign rivals, not only look good, but act good, too. No wonder they (the men, too) are in great overseas demand. In fact, the only film artist here in Sweden still impervious to overseas demand is director Ingmar Bergman—who IS Sweden when it comes to films.

●She looked snug and tidy in her smart tangerine coat. Demure, too. Hardly feasible that this is the actress who outraged the world in that most successful of recent Swedish exports, *The Silence*. And I told her so. "You've got the wrong idea about us Swedes," said GUNNEL LINDBLOM.

[Don't let the name put you off. It never bothered INGMAR BERGMAN who directed five of her ten home films. For my kronor, Gunnel is the earthiest actress the screen has seen since SOPHIA LOREN. I predict a huge international future for her (if she wants it—which I doubt) once her first British film, *Rapture*, with DEAN STOCKWELL, is released.]

All wrong . . .? "Yes," she went on. "You have this stereotyped idea of the Swedish. Free love, sex orgies and all that. Completely wrong! We have our standards in sex and morals and they're as high as in your country. We're not loose or immoral as a nation—nor are our films. They merely probe human relationships and that big mystery: lack of communication between people."

"*With staggering realism at times*," I added. "Agreed," admitted Gunnel. "Don't forget, though, that we were the first country in the world to institute state film censorship—in 1911. And despite your scorn, our censors work. They endeavour to ban any 'harmful excitement' in films. We don't just happen to think that sexual excitement is exactly harmful to adults."

The Silence was one film which certainly went beyond the bounds of even Sweden's liberal censors. Critics labelled it pornographic, and it was only Bergman's flawless artistic reputation which eventually won the film an export licence.

Gunnel then discussed this scorching film—and her role which called for such blatant sexual realism it made any BB strip seem like a small child vying for attention at a Sunday School party. "I was fascinated by the story, a hard one to make—and of course I had no idea of the fuss it would create. Not that I was shocked by its frankness. But my husband and our friends had mixed opinions. Some liked it. Others would have preferred it without some sequences intact, as Britain saw it."

Did Bergman go too far this time? "I think some artists have the right to do exactly the things they believe in. The public has the choice of seeing the film or not. Personally, I trust Bergman and if he is doing a 'shocking' scene, I believe in his motives. This doesn't mean I strip naked just because he says so. His word is not exactly law; we have discussions on the set."

But would you go this far again yourself in a film? "I wouldn't like to repeat anything I've done. But if Bergman had a story as bold and honest and required me in similar scenes, yes, I would do it again. After *The Silence* I naturally got many film offers which needed me to undress or be seen naked. But you must be careful in what you are doing. I'm tired of Bardot and the other French girls losing their clothes—and I'm sure the public must be. But if Bergman, or other good directors, want nudity, they must have a very good reason within the framework of the film, the scene and the character, for me to do it. I refuse to strip just for posters!"

As I prepared to leave Gunnel's comfortable Stockholm home, she made it quite clear that Hollywood doesn't interest her. She prefers her films and co-stars to have a European feeling. "I'd love to work with TOM COURTENAY, a most interesting young actor," she told me.

"We see British and American films here, of course," she added. "I like yours best. Especially now. You've grown up, I think."

We must have, if we can make films that appeal to a girl like Gunnel.

Latest Swedish film in censor trouble is a finely made but tasteless drama called *491*. The title comes from a passage in St. Matthew's Gospel which suggests that the 491st sin is the unforgivable one. Ironically, a New York judge has now declared that *491* is unforgivable—"obscene . . . characterised by patent offensiveness . . . substantially beyond the customary limits of candour . . . utterly without redeeming social importance." And he's banned the film from America. So no American publicity visit for the star, LENA NYMAN.

QUOTE: "To put it frankly, we are fed up with all the fuss the foreign audiences make about love in Swedish films; all the vulgar associations between Sweden and immorality in general. We're making all possible efforts to try to modify this one-eyed and unvaried opinion of what is Swedish film. Let us appreciate pornography for what it is, but let us try to avoid identifying it with Swedish films."—CHRISTER FRUNCK, Head of Information at the Svenska Filminstutet.

The burning question: When will Bergman direct Bergman? Answer: It's still "sometime soon"—and then with the help of a third Bergman, novelist HJALMAR BERGMAN! The hold-up is that INGMAR BERGMAN works only in the summer and INGRID BERGMAN only in the winter. Ingrid, currently a big success in the West End, spends her summers in "perfect solitude" on a little island she and her husband own off Stockholm. Incidentally, it was Ingmar's pastor-father who confirmed Ingrid and baptised her daughter, Pia. "Until he wrote to me about his son, I had no idea of the relationship," she says.

Top Swedish male of the moment is undoubtedly the tall, gaunt, blond, brooding MAX VON SYDOW (say: Soo-dov)—so compelling as Christ in *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Another star from the Bergman mould, Max is back home now after his second Hollywood trip—another epic, *Hawaii*, with Julie Andrews.

For the record, Max is 35, doesn't drink ("maybe a little wine") or smoke, and hero-worships actors like Olivier and Guinness. About playing Christ on the screen, he comments: "I'm not a particularly religious person in the accepted sense of the word—but it was a very positive experience."

Sweden Goes West—1: Finally tempted to Hollywood—"just this once"—is BIBI ANDERSSON, a lively blonde with outstanding talent. She's Sweden's busiest actress and, of course, a discovery of Bergman. After some 25 films in 13 years (most of them for Ingmar), Bibi flew to the States last year for a Western. "Well, that is something we cannot make at home," was her explanation. The film: *Duel At Diablo*, with JAMES GARNER and SIDNEY POITIER.

Continued on page 30

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FLAP B

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BENTINE

By His Wife...

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There's the clown we all know and admire, whose flair for the meaningless, his accent on accents, are supreme. He's the only man to have held the London Palladium stage for ten minutes with nothing more than a chair and a sink-plunger—and the only man, a decade later, to have been faded out during a Palladium TV show, and been there waiting on stage the following Sunday, opening with: "*As I was saying . . .*"

Then there's Bentine the mathematician, Bentine the astronomer, the Egyptologist, the physicist, linguist, toxophilite (archery expert), cook and first-class rifle-shot. And there's Bentine the husband and father, of course. And now Bentine the film star—with his first real starring role as *The Sandwich Man*.

So you see, there is far too much to talk about when Bentine's around. So much that, somehow, you never quite get around to Bentine himself. Which is why, instead of Mike, I cornered his attractive wife, Clementina, a former dancer. "*She was the slimmest girl in the corps-de-ballet,*" gags Mike. "*That's why I married her. She looked as if she wouldn't eat very much!*"

Clementina cleverly runs the Bentine family roost at Esher in Surrey ("just look out for the Union Jack in the hedge," Mike used to tell his visitors). She has seen him grow from a long-haired big-bearded Goon to the nation's top TV favourite as king of his *Square World*. She and Michael have four lively children: Fusty,

Continued on page 46

WHY MIKE SLASHED

Shirley Anne Field stripped for this erotic bed scene in *Alfie*. But Caine decided it was really unnecessary. Here he explains why—and shatters the myth about those 'Continental versions'

MICHAEL CAINE brought in the coffee, sat down and said: "I just don't see any reason for all this stripping-off in films. Unless you are going to go all the way and show two people actually making love—then forget it."

We were in Mike Caine's comfortable mews house near Marble Arch. The subjects under discussion? Sex in films, and *Alfie*—Mike's first picture since his huge *Ipcress* success.

Alfie is a Cockney *Tom Jones*, *circa* 1966. He chases all the chicks—Shelley Winters, Shirley Anne Field, Millicent Martin, Jane Asher, Julia Foster, Eleanor Bron and Vivien Merchant—and settles for none. "The result," someone on the film had told me, "is Britain's sexiest romp yet."

Mike, however, disagrees. "Let's get one thing straight," he said. "*Alfie* **is** a film about sex, but it is **not** sexy. Not sensual like some strip-tease. If you watch a strip-tease you expect to get some charge out of it. Well, we expect you to get some thrill out of *Alfie*. Not necessarily a sexual one, though. The film is more concerned with relationships between men and women. Or in Alfie's case, between one man and a number of women. Sex, of course, comes into it. But not in any stripping-off sort of way."

The Big Surprise

Next came the big surprise, as Caine—who seems to enjoy his enviable reputation of bird-fancier—revealed a prudish side to his nature: "I don't see any reason for all this screen nudity.

"You know when they have girls being told: *You've got to take your clothes off in this scene for the Continental version*? Well, nobody ever uses those 'Continental versions'. It costs too much to cut them into the finished picture. I think they're used for the director's friends. You know, they have a couple of reels around at home and show them after dinner. Yeah, I really believe that, though I've never actually seen it happen. In fact, I've never been in the sort of movie in which they do that kind of thing."

"Until *Alfie*, that is," I countered, and reminded Mike of his one erotic bed scene in the film with the flame-haired Shirley Anne Field as his very nude partner. Then came Mike's next surprise.

"That scene is no longer in the movie," he said. "We shot the scene, sure. Then director Lewis Gilbert and I decided it wasn't really necessary. Watching the rushes, we realised it was the sort of scene which could have taken place anywhere. So we re-shot it in a hospital canteen—fully-clothed. And it's much more interesting. And that's not just my opinion."

(It isn't, either. Naturally Lewis Gilbert agrees. So does Shirley Anne Field. "I must admit I wasn't keen on the bed scene in the first place," she tells me. "But it seemed to work until we actually saw it on the screen. Then we realised it didn't balance with the rest of the film. This surely is the only way to work—to look at the rushes and make changes where necessary, even if, for once, the normal procedure is reversed. I mean, many people put in such a scene anywhere just for salaciousness. We have taken it out and the film is better for it.")

"The scene in question," Caine explained, "was a key scene as far as Alfie's character was concerned, and very important to the film. And let's face it," he grinned, "if you've got a girl slightly stripped-off and you're a fella and you've got all the lines to say, there's also the point that not too many people are going to be concentrating on what you're saying.

"And this is a big point in the film: how Alfie feels about his illegitimate son. In bed, we were losing some of the scene's importance. Anyway, we didn't want to get the reputation of being a strip-show movie. We're not that at all. We're . . . how shall I put it? . . . we're a very funny comedy, with very serious intentions."

Mike and Lewis Gilbert agreed over everything in *Alfie;* hence their plan to make *Ned Kelly* together in Australia later this year. "He's a doll," praised Mike. "He lets you get on with it—of course, it's very difficult to tell me how to play a Cockney!"

Leaving *Alfie* aside—and sexy or not, as the film's poster claims, "There's never been a b—— film like *Alfie*!"—Caine returned to the subject of sex in films.

"I just don't agree with this thing we have right now—this 'daring' thing of having shots of people's backs and almost seeing things. It's entirely unnecessary. They've got to a point now where they can't go any further with what they show, or nearly show, anyway. These scenes are usually good only for the posters—and this starts people off on the wrong foot.

"They think it's going to be a certain type of movie. In fact, we all know that with our censorship laws, it can't be that type of movie, anyway. But the posters have done their job. You get people in who are not really interested in the film, only certain scenes, and those who would love the film don't go because they think it must be the wrong sort!

"So why not make an interesting movie about something else? I mean, look at *Mary Poppins*—one of the biggest money-making movies ever. And you never even saw Julie Andrews' neck or ankle. That's how much sex means in the cinema, mate!"

TONY CRAWLEY

"We didn't want to get the reputation of being a strip-show movie . . ."

THIS SCENE

THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

Face to face (for once) —with Jack Parnell

THE back of his head is without doubt one of the best known in Britain. It is seen by millions every week as he conducts for that peak-viewing ritual, the New London Palladium Show.

The name? Jack Parnell. But when I met him recently it was, for a change, face to face.

Jack has a show business background. His grandfather was Fred Russell—ventriloquist and top official of show business organisations—who died in 1957, aged 95. His father is Russ Carr, who, at 77, still works as an agent. His uncle is Val Parnell—boss of the Palladium.

If a man has an influential relative and is himself successful, people inevitably trot out the moth-eaten cliché about it being not *what* you know, but *whom* you know. But to apply this to Jack Parnell would be wrong.

He was for some years one of Britain's foremost jazz drummers, and played with the Ted Heath band. In the early fifties he ran his own big band—playing in ballrooms all over Britain and at one-night shows.

"Let's face it," said Jack firmly, "no matter *whom* you knew, you wouldn't last five minutes in a top band unless your performance was up to the mark."

To me, these arguments are beyond refute. And similar ones must apply to the Palladium Show. In a top production like this—featuring big stars and with an audience of millions—you *must* have a music director who knows his job. If not, imagine the chaos!

This need for expertise becomes evident when you start to look into the time factor in Jack's Palladium job. You may think he does nothing all week but prepare for that one big occasion. Far from it. When I talked with him, he was also responsible for the music of the Arthur Haynes, Millicent Martin, Des O'Connor and Hope & Keen shows—plus specials!

"Naturally," he told me, "some advance work is done on the Palladium music in mid-week, with a staff of arrangers looking after the dancing scenes and so on.

"Kenny Powell, my music associate, is responsible for collating this, plus any arrangements used by supporting acts, and those needed for the top of the bill. As Friday morning often arrives and we still don't know who's going to top the bill, there's obviously a limit to how far you can plan ahead!

"I do nothing until the Sunday morning. I get to the Palladium at 9.30. Waiting for me is a pile of music which puts me in a panic just to look at it. But away we go . . . and, apart from short breaks, we rehearse through the day until the main run-through, which starts around five o'clock."

Jack is quick to praise the musicians who come under his baton on the Palladium Show and other TV spectaculars. "In America," he explained, "a show can go out over the 96 stations there. There's so much money, there is no problem in having the musicians rehearse for several days beforehand.

"Here it is different. Our boys may have three hours—less tea breaks—to rehearse a spectacular which may contain up to 55 minutes of new music.

"I remember once when Dolores Gray was doing a spectacular here, and for various reasons, everything was badly behind. 'We still haven't rehearsed *You Go To My Head*,' I reminded her.

" 'Gee!' she said. 'I'm on in fifteen minutes. What we gonna do?'

"I went to the boys, and explained the position. They really rose to the occasion. They played what was a very tricky arrangement of *You Go To My Head* straight off at sight on the show. It was magnificent. Not a wrong note anywhere. You could have put it out as a commercial record."

Ask Jack to name the top stars for whom he has conducted, and he honestly doesn't know where to start. They include practically everyone.

"I have so many memories," he told me. "The professionalism of Sammy Davis . . . the wonderful dancing of Nureyev . . . Morecambe and Wise slaying everyone so much at rehearsals that the musicians had a job to keep hold of their instruments . . . Ella Fitzgerald coming up after a show, throwing her arms around me and then giving me a bottle of brandy!"

"*With all your knowledge and experience*," I said, "*I'm surprised you haven't branched into film music*."

He grinned. "That is something I would like to try one day. I have written a fair amount for TV, of course. The thing I get the biggest kick out of is the theme music I wrote for *Love Story*. I hope I may look on it as a reasonable success."

His favourite Palladium story is of the time an operatic baritone was rushed from Italy as a late replacement. "Music was sent at panic speed from our library at Elstree—but it got mixed up with some from a Harry Secombe performance. You should have seen the baritone's face when the orchestra—after playing *Largo Al Factotum* on page one—turned to page two and went into *Everyone's Wild About Harry!*"

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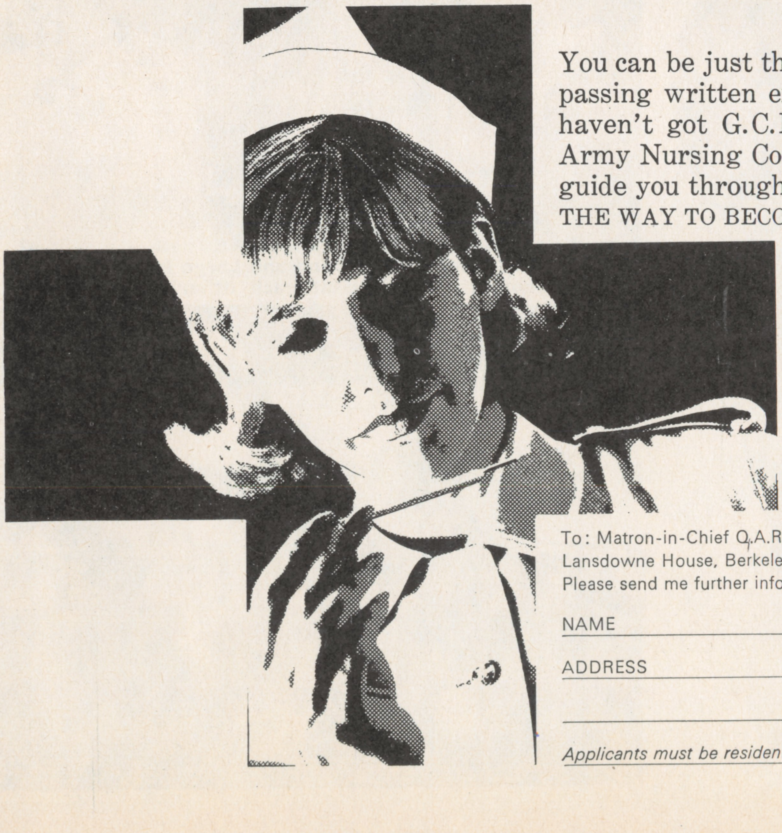

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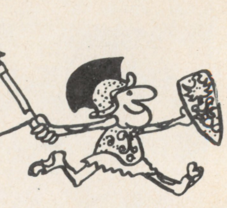


Claudine Auger plays Largo's mistress . . . then James Bond comes on the scene.

JAMES BOND is in a fix. He has just killed an old enemy and the dead villain's cronies have trapped him on a roof. Is it the end for Bond? No! It is just the beginning. In fact, it is *before* the beginning. This crazy, incredible scene is the climax of the pre-credit sequence for *Thunderball*, the latest 007 screen adventure. How does Bond get out of this particular scrape? Simple. He's got a slip-on-the-back rocket-type helicopter and, before you can say Emilio Largo, he's soaring out of trouble.

This sensational start is just to soften you up for what is to come. For, make no mistake, this new Bond thriller is just about the most audacious film ever made.

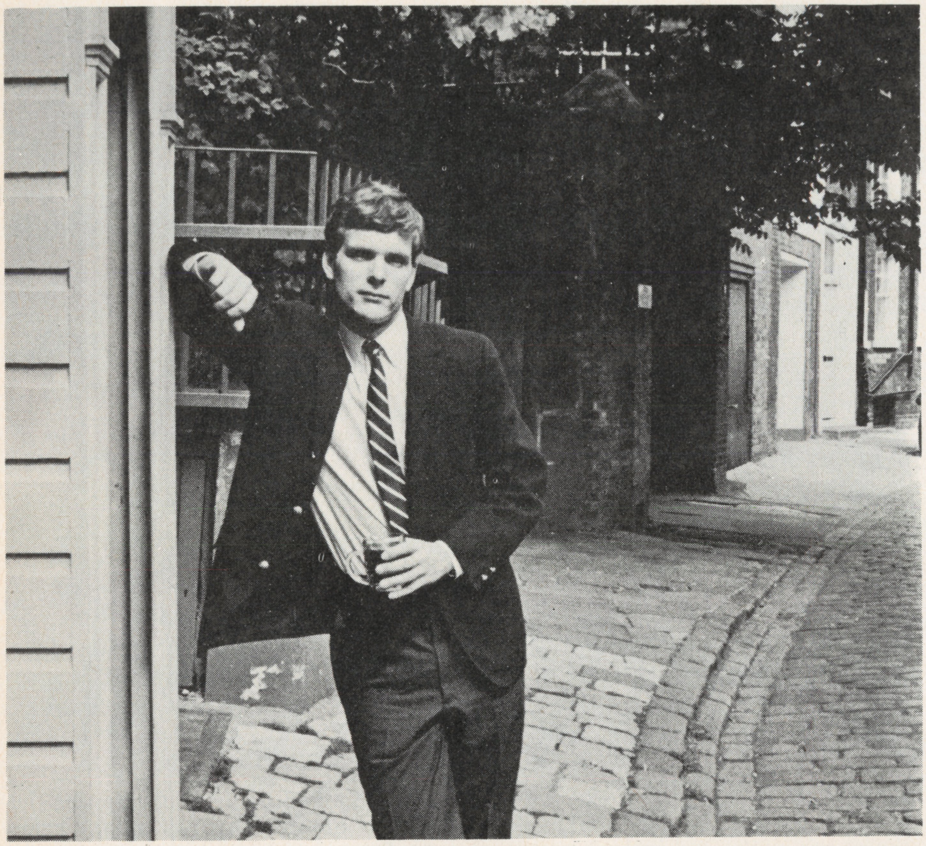
Emilio Largo? Hissssssssss! He's the villain; a cunning, crooked, callous creep who hijacks a NATO H-bomber and threatens to drop the bombs if the Western powers do not cough up a cool £100-million in diamonds.

Along the way, 007 encounters a fabulous foursome of fillies. There's Mollie Peters who, as a "physical"-therapist, caresses away Bond's aches and pains in a most delightful manner; there's the dark-eyed Martine Beswick who is batting on Bond's side, and the red-haired Luciana Paluzzi who isn't; and, finally, there's Claudine Auger who plays Largo's mistress . . . until Bond comes along.

Adolfo Celi, as the villain Largo, is subtly wicked. He makes a magnificent opponent for 007.

What about Sean Connery? As bland and polished as ever, he is perfect as Bond.

All smiles . . . but Bond and Largo know that they will soon be at each other's throats.



KEIR DULLEA portrays Carol Lynley's brother in the new Otto Preminger film, *Bunny Lake Is Missing* (see page 40). The film tells the story of a young American girl whose daughter mysteriously disappears soon after she arrives in London. Keir, who won a Best Actor award for his performance in *David And Lisa*, has become an established screen actor within four years. He is now back in London making Stanley Kubrick's *2001, A Space Odyssey*.

THE two female stars who feature in *Life At The Top* are British-born and they both began their careers in this country. However, one had to go to America to become a star and the other got to the top, not in films, but on TV.

Jean Simmons (left) is the actress who flourished in Hollywood. She returned to this country to play Laurence Harvey's unfaithful wife in the *Room At The Top* sequel. Honor Blackman, after playing the cool English girl in British pictures for years, found stardom in TV's *The Avengers*. Now, in *Life At The Top*, she plays the woman who tempts Harvey away from his wife—a part completely unlike the dull roles that came earlier in her career.

Jean skilfully takes over the role originated by Heather Sears—she even looks like Heather at times—and should not need to lapse into semi-retirement again.

Harvey portrays Joe Lampton, the man who callously gets to the top by marrying the boss's daughter. But it doesn't bring him much happiness. He soon finds he has not only domestic problems but business problems as well.

It's adult entertainment beautifully served by director Ted Kotcheff. He leaves no doubt in our mind that life at the top can be as tough as it is anywhere else. It can be even tougher.

Continued overleaf

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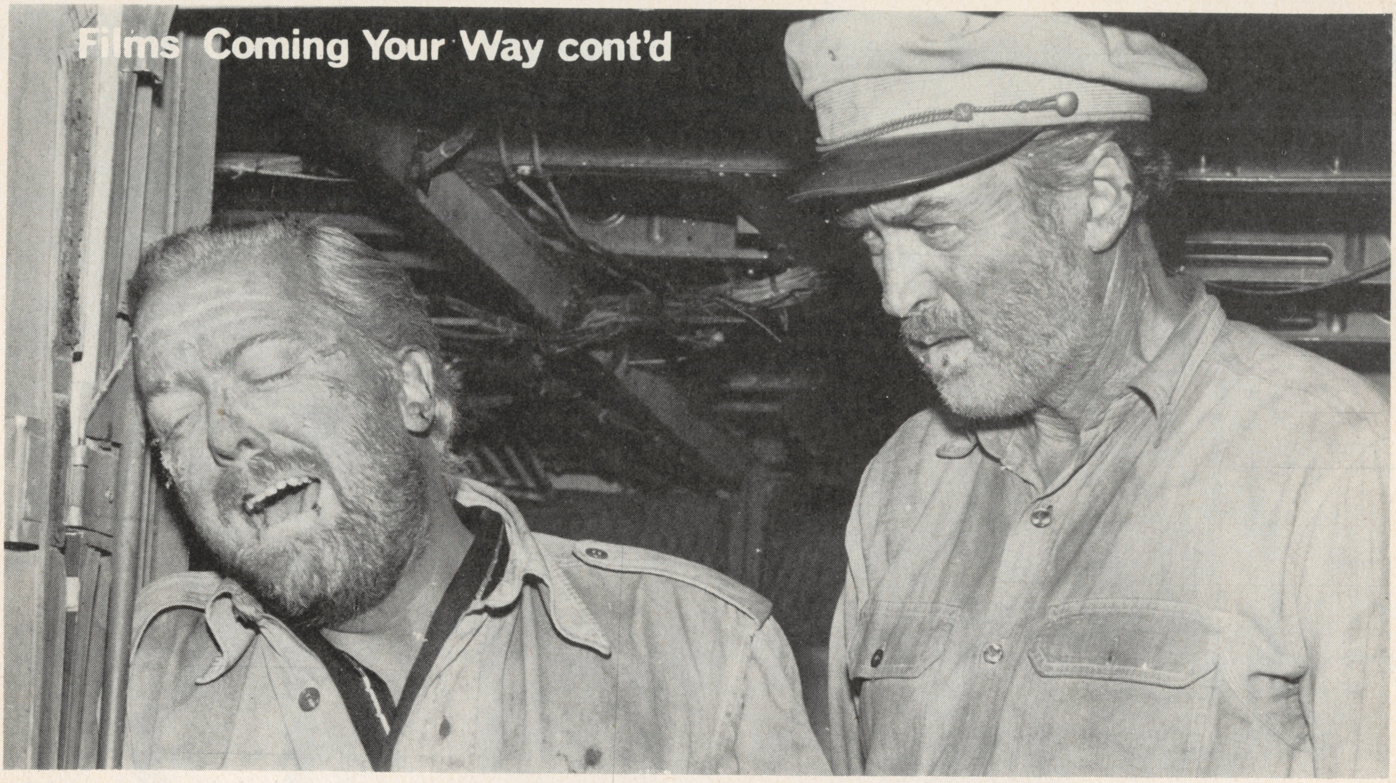
Films Coming Your Way cont'd



IT is a sandstorm that first causes the drama *The Flight Of The Phoenix*. Pilot James Stewart has passed the point of no return when his aircraft runs into the storm while crossing the Sahara Desert.

The clouds of sand, thrown up by the gales, clog the engine intakes and Stewart makes a forced landing.

Two of the passengers are killed by moving cargo as the plane makes its landing, but Stewart, Army Captain Peter Finch, his subordinate, Sergeant Richard Attenborough, survive the ordeal, with a mixed bunch of passengers, only to face the terrifying heat and the vastness of the desert.

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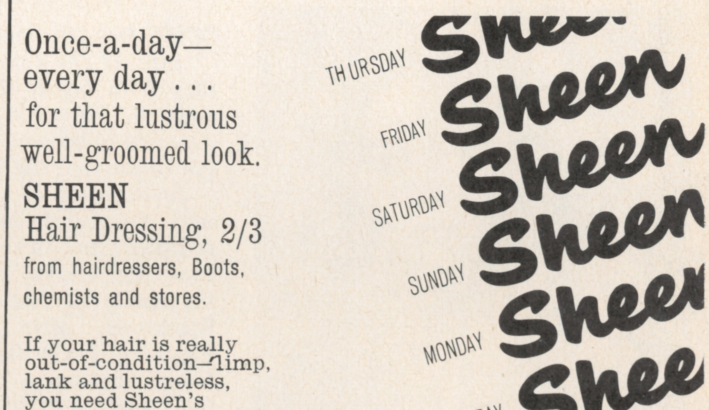

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007's RIVAL

by TONY CRAWLEY

LOOK out! James Bond is in trouble! And who does he normally turn to for help? If there's no blonde around, it's usually Felix Leiter, his American C.I.A. colleague, who comes to the rescue.

But this time Bond is in trouble *because* of Leiter. The new Leiter that is—American star Rik Van Nutter. In his first Bond film, Rik has made a huge hit with the women. According to our bulging mail sacks, Rik's fans are on the increase. Even Bond faithfuls are switching camps because of Rik's "gorgeous grey hair" . . . "those marvellous sexy blue eyes" . . . "that mouth" . . . "that voice" . . . and so on!

An ironical situation. For now 007 has a rival deep in his own camp, while producers all over the world are still scurrying around searching for new rivals to James Bond. Several have been found (Robert Vaughn, David McCallum, Dean Martin, David Niven, to name four), and others are being sought. In most cases though, the craggy Connery has held his own. He still reigns supreme.

Or he did . . . until *Thunderball* exploded on an expectant world, with Rik Van Nutter as the new Felix Leiter.

A Man Of Action . . .

Felix, the trusty agent of the Central Intelligence Authority, was, wrote Ian Fleming: "*A lean, prematurely greying man of action with the set expression of comic-seriousness which some Americans can affect beautifully in times of crisis.*"

"And you're him," declared producer Cubby Broccoli to Rik over a friendly dinner one night in London.

"And I was, according to Fleming's description . . . and I am, for the rest of the 007 series," smiles a pleased Rik today. "The only thing I don't do is smoke three packs of Chesterfields a day. But the height, eyes, hair—'unruly' as mentioned in the final book, *The Man With The Golden Gun*—are exactly as per Fleming."

There had been two other screen Leiters before Rik: American Jack Lord, who originated the part in *Dr. No*, and Canadian Cec Linder, who took over in *Goldfinger*.

Now Rik Van Nutter's debut impact is still building up around the world—and I feel sure he is a possible candidate for the new Bond, if Connery pulls out (as he says he will) after his contracted two more Bond films are over.

Certainly Rik has great style and panache. And I'm sure Connery cannot over-enjoy having a rival so closely entrenched to him.

Not that Rik is anti-Connery. Far from it. "Sean does a fabulous job as Bond," he told me. "No-one can better him. I heard a story in Hollywood about Charles Feldman (producer of the non-Connery Bond film, *Casino Royale*) approaching Sinatra to play Bond. Frank told him: *Are you crazy? Well-known as I am, I wouldn't follow Sean—because I'm no fool. Sean is James Bond to the world . . .*

"He's so right. Apart from that, Sean is a marvellous actor in my estimation. He can play anything—and has, from Bond to Shakespeare. But then, the actors in Britain are better trained than anywhere else in the world. Take my beginnings! I can't play anything; I don't think I even qualify to be an actor by English standards."

He paused and laughed. Then: "But I get a giggle out of it. It's like a small boy. One day he's an Indian. Next day a spaceman. Next it's cops and robbers. I'm just a 6 ft. 4 in. Walter Mitty. But I enjoy what I'm at—otherwise there would be no use in doing it."

Continued on page 39

RIK VAN NUTTER
as Felix Leiter:
"A lean, prematurely greying man of action," wrote Ian Fleming. "He had the set expression of comic-seriousness which some Americans can affect beautifully in times of crisis."

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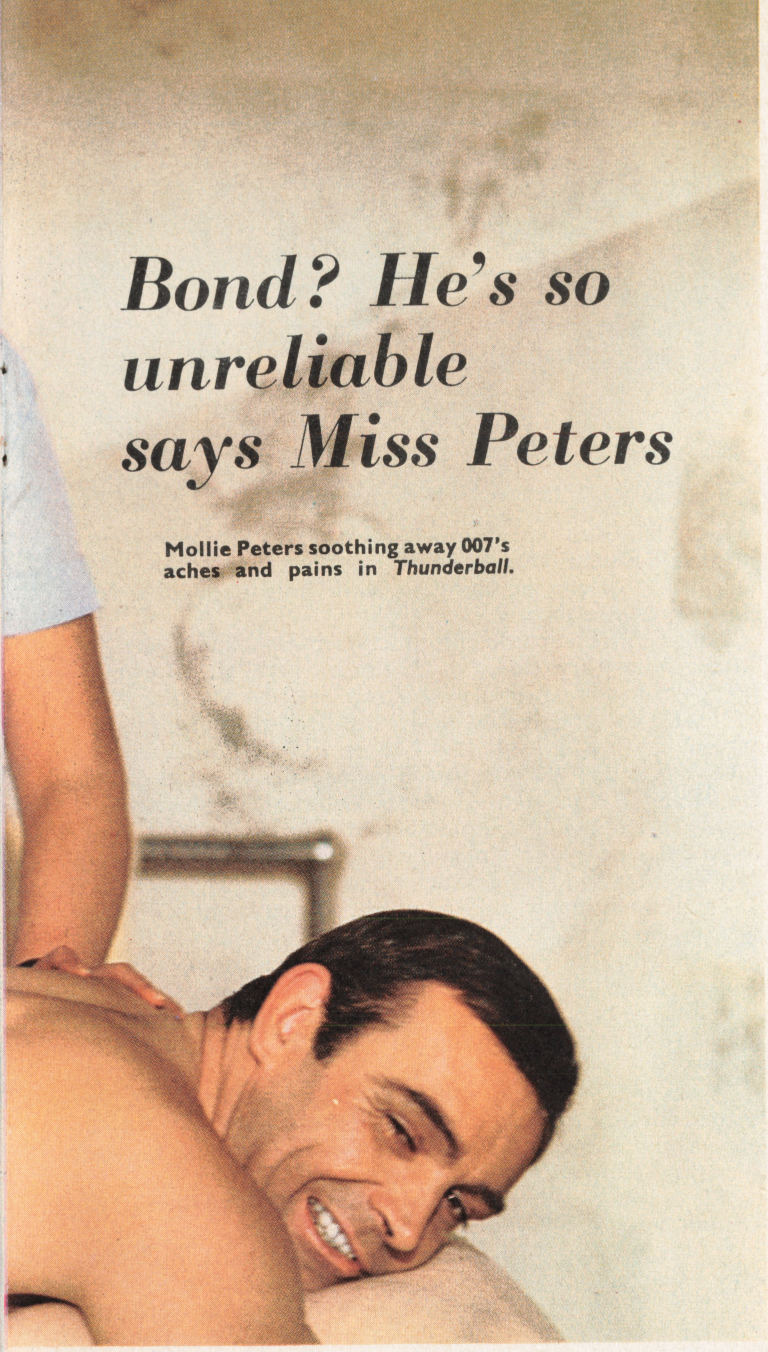
Miss Peters is the flaxen-haired actress who soothes away

Bond? He's so unreliable says Miss Peters



Mollie Peters soothing away 007's aches and pains in *Thunderball*.

Bond's backache in *Thunderball*. She is under contract to the 007 director, Terence Young. I think Mr. Young is a shrewd man, for this girl seems certain to go to the top. She has velvet-brown wide-awake eyes, soft features and a thoroughbred figure that would look good even in a sack.

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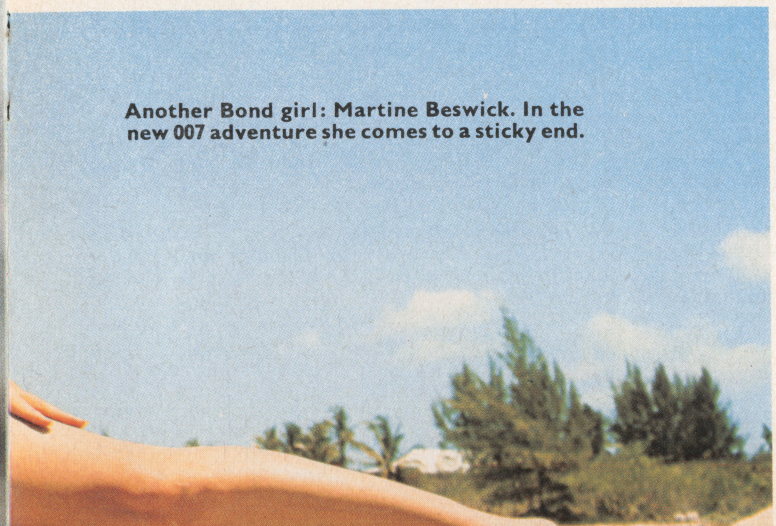
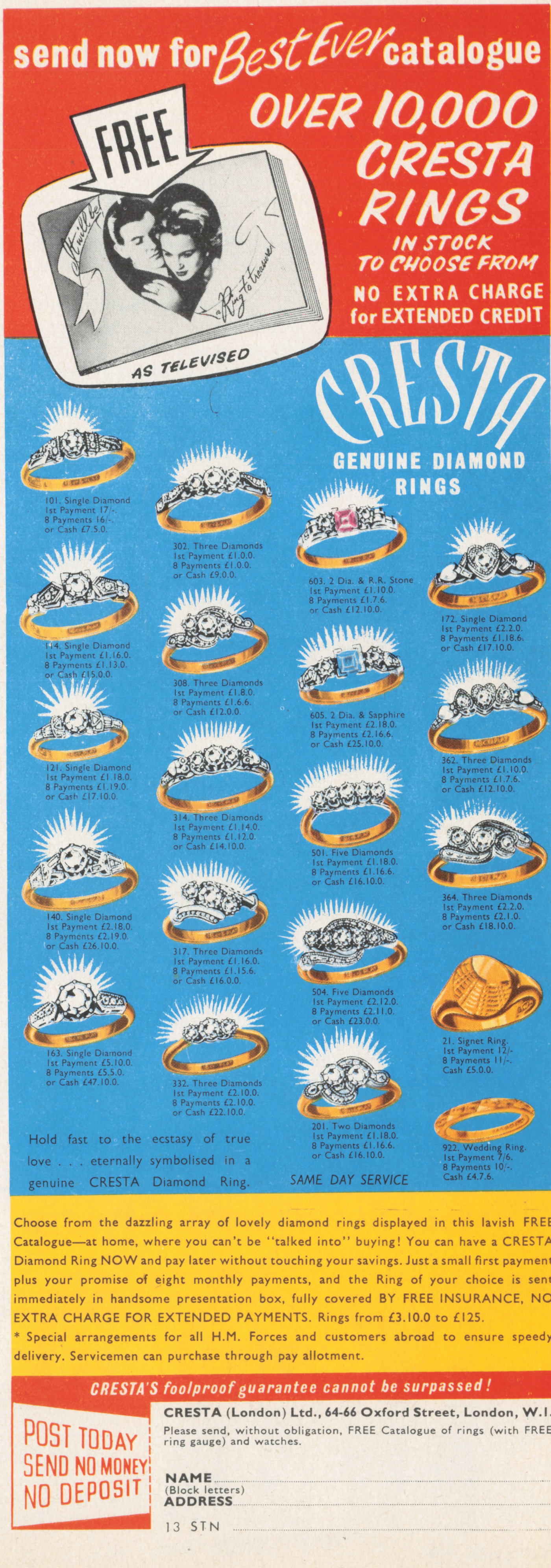


Another Bond girl: Martine Beswick. In the new 007 adventure she comes to a sticky end.



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13 STN ....

Bond? So unreliable says Mollie Peters

Continued from previous page

I hasten to add that she also has a husband. (Wouldn't you know it!) *And he is a policeman.*

"I suppose it is unusual for an actress to marry a bobby," said Miss Peters when I invited her to the Dorchester for tea. "But James Bond isn't everybody's cup of tea, you know. Frankly, as a husband, I wouldn't have him as a gift. All those gadgets he plays with would drive me mad. I ask you: what girl wants to come second to an Aston Martin that fires bullets?

"Of course, Bond is a big giggle. No girl would take him seriously. He's a schoolboy and I don't think, from a woman's view, there's anything about him to admire. He's so unreliable. How could a girl feel secure with him? And, after all, security is important to a woman."

"*Have you found security?*" I asked.

"In my marriage, yes. In my career, no," replied Miss Peters. "I'm not really the secure type. I'm a terrible worrier and, frankly, the last person who should be an actress. Show business *is* a tough jungle and I sometimes wonder if I'm ambitious enough to get anywhere.

"The really ambitious girls think only of their careers; the parts they are going to play, the people they should meet. I can't do that. I have to think of my marriage as well as my work."

"*Can you cope with both?*"

"I ask myself that question a hundred times a day. I don't know. Fortunately, my husband Cliff [Winter] is wonderful. I'd hate to hurt him because of my career. I'm not usually selfish about it. But I'll tell you what's difficult—adjusting to the two different worlds. For instance, I recently went down to a film festival at Rio. I had a car to take me everywhere. I stayed at the best hotel. People made a fuss of me. Then *bang*! It was all over. I was back at our little flat in Ealing. I'm a level-headed person but you can't help feeling the sudden change."

"*How does your husband feel about your career?*"

Miss Peters sipped her tea, thought for a moment. Then she said:

"Sometimes he's very ambitious for me and sometimes he wishes I would give it all up. But I dread him asking me to forget my career. If he ever did I think I'd beg for more time to get myself established. I'm 25 now and I'd like to keep going for another three years. If I haven't made it by the time I'm 28 then I don't think I ever will. After all, I don't kid myself; I'm not a great dramatic actress. I'm a glamour-type actress. Not that it worries me. There are many stars who got to the top with their looks and personality rather than a great acting talent."

She paused to pour more tea.

"Our marriage is quite unusual," she said at last. "People imagine it must be terrible to be married to a policeman. When I tell them they grimace and say, *Oh, a policeman!* as if I'd said my husband was a Martian or something equally as odd. It's quite alarming to learn how unpopular the police are these days.

"But Cliff is marvellous to me. We have a lot of giggles. Mind you, we argue a lot of the time—mainly about what's going on in the world . . . politics, religion and the like. We don't have the 'I-saw-old-so-and-so-in-the-pub-tonight' type of conversations. It's far livelier. In fact, it often gets a little too lively. We abuse each other and once I chucked something at him—but missed. Sometimes Cliff throws me across the room—he's a judo expert, you know—and I try to do the same to him. I'm going to take up judo secretly one of these days and he'll get such a shock."

The thought made her smile for a moment, but soon she was serious again.

"I suppose I'm crazy," she said. "I should give up acting and do something sensible. But I feel rather like the man who hits the ball straight on to the green in his first game of golf. I've had an exciting start and I feel, if I keep at it, I'll do well.

"Even so," she added, "I know show business is not all cheers, cocktail parties and bright lights. It could be I'll end up wishing I was working in a post office or back in a West End store again. That wasn't such a rat race."

We finished our tea and Miss Peters pulled her coat around her.

"I was making *Thunderball* when I married Cliff," she said. "We kept it a secret because I knew there'd be a lot of fuss and I didn't want Cliff to get involved from the word go. I'd hate him to end up being called Mr. Peters. No, I won't let that happen. Not if I become the biggest star in the world."

And with that she smiled her goodbye. The girl who married a London bobby while filming with the most glamorous secret agent in the world had to prepare for a dinner date. With her husband. And she wasn't going to be late for that.

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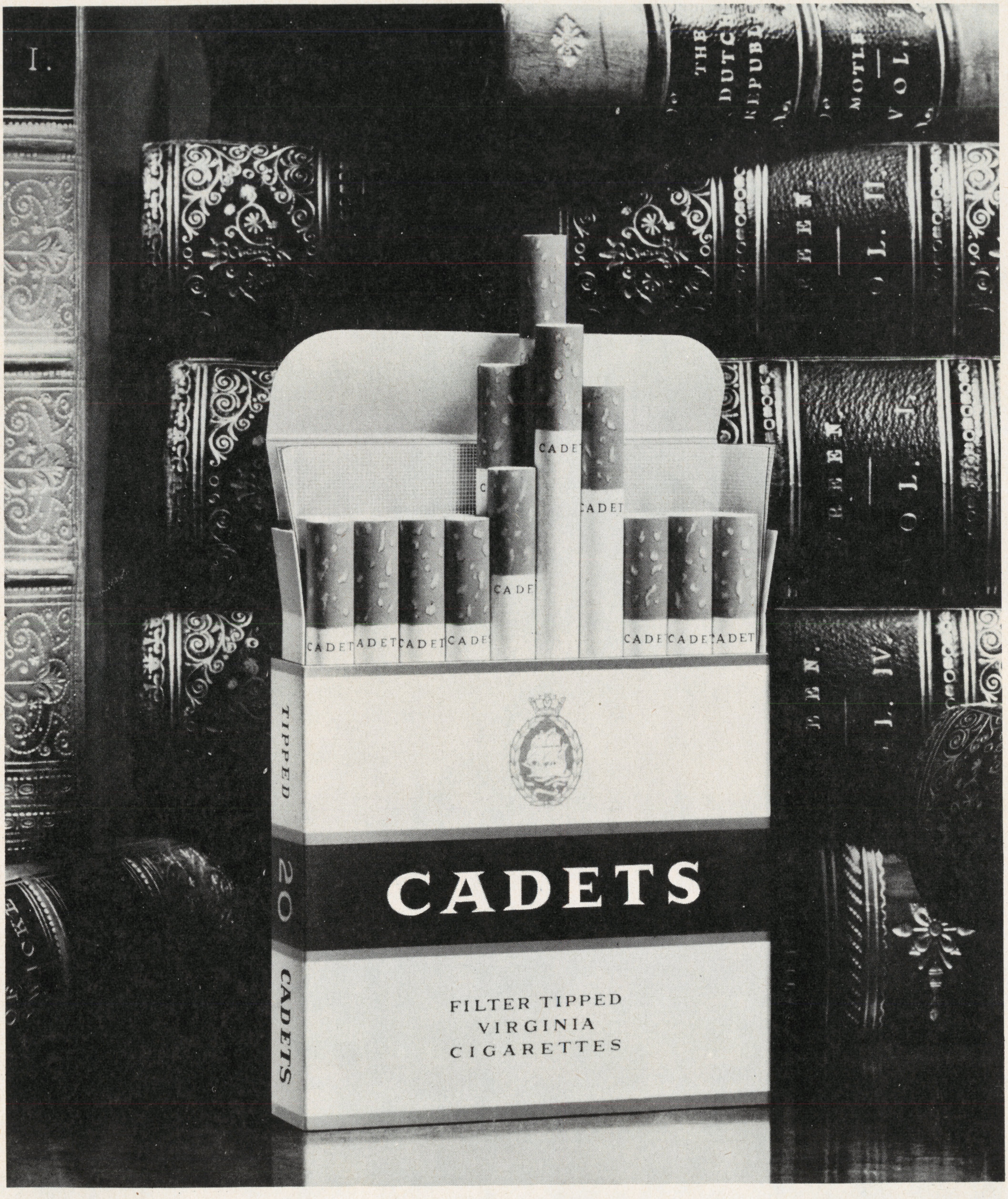
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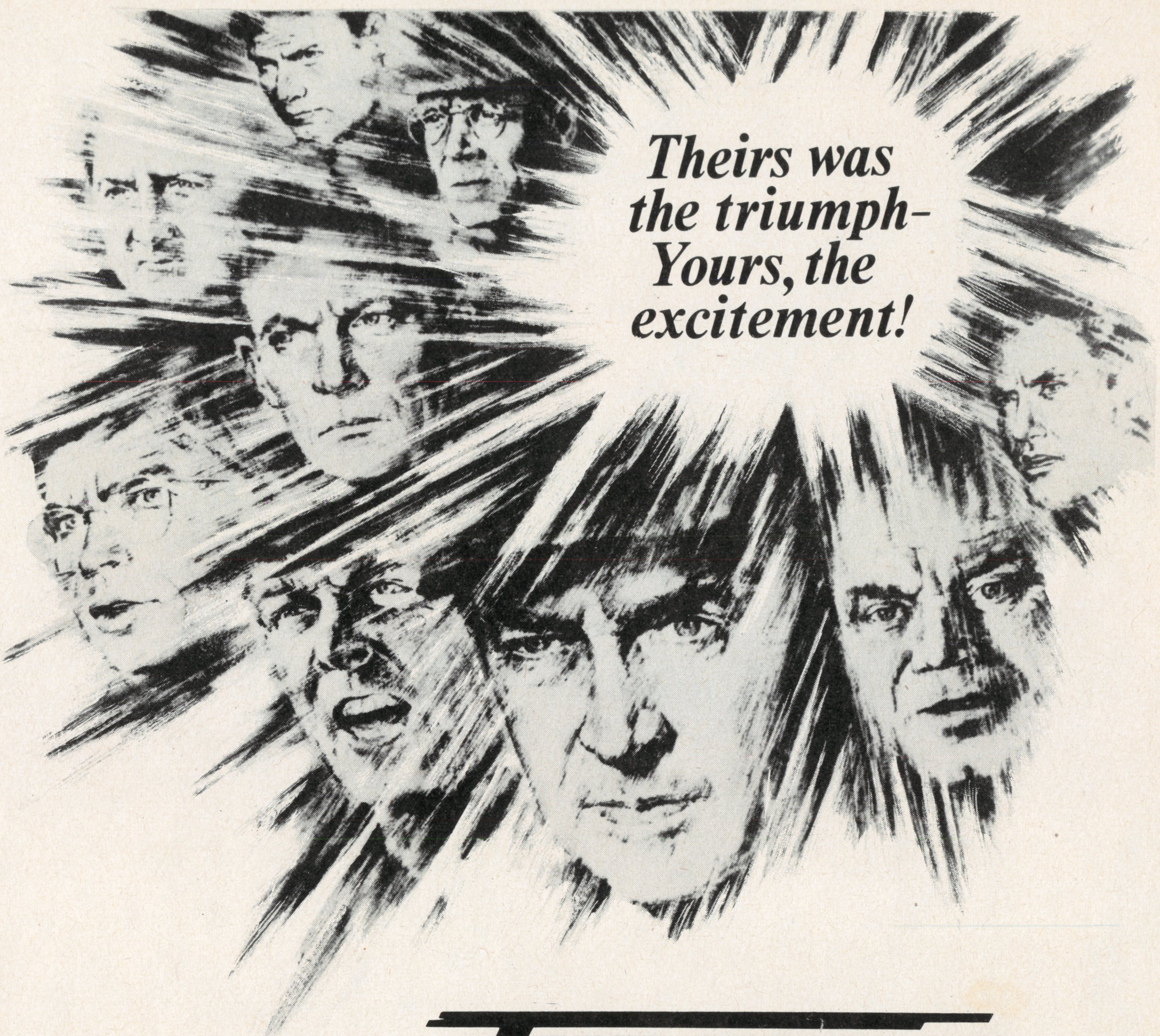

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AS STANDISH

ALSO STARRING

GEORGE KENNEDY-ALEX MONTOYA AND BARRIE CHASE
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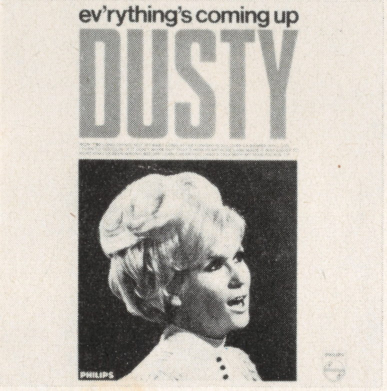
DISC REVIEWS

UNTIL I heard Dusty Springfield's new album, **Ev'rything's Coming Up Dusty** (*Philips*), I must confess I did not take her too seriously as an album artist. However, this new LP, with its splendid selection of songs, proves I was mistaken; the blonde pop star has the style and the versatility to become one of Britain's top LP artists.

The great thing about this album is the wide variety of songs chosen for it. It gives the singer every opportunity to show us what she can do with the right material, and she doesn't miss a trick. Whether she is singing the sentimental *Long After Tonight Is Over*, the traditional Latin number, *La Bamba*, or the sad *That's What Heartaches Are Made Of*, Dusty captures exactly the right mood.



The backings on all the tracks are imaginatively arranged and immaculately handled.

Dusty's new album is a must for anyone who likes to think they have all that's best from the pop world in their record library.

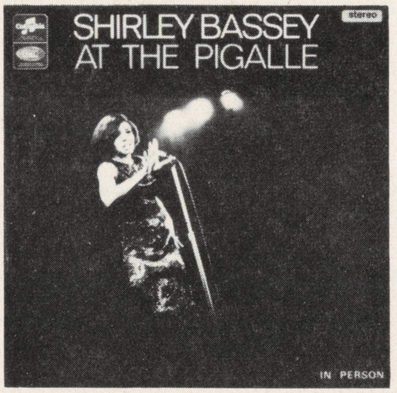
Other numbers included on the album: *Won't Be Long; Who Can I Turn To?; I Can't Hear You;* and *I've Been Wrong Before*.

PUT your feet up and relax when you listen to Burl Ives' latest album, **On The Beach At Waikiki** (*Brunswick*). As Burl's fans know, he can adapt himself to any mood or style. On this LP, Burl is in a dreamy, lazy mood as he conjures up pictures of golden sands, breeze-caressed palms and blue seas.

Many island-oriented songs have been written and most of the tracks on the album are classics: *My Isle Of Golden Dreams; Drifting And Dreaming; Song Of The Islands;* and *Now Is The Hour*. However, the lesser known numbers are just as sweet to the ear.

I particularly liked Alfred Newman's and Frank Loesser's romantic *The Moon Of Manakoora* which, if you close your eyes, will take you on a wonderful trip to an island paradise.

Burl is backed by a chorus and accompaniment under the direction of Owen Bradley, and they do much to help him smooth away your nerves and put you in a relaxed holiday mood.



SHIRLEY BASSEY At The Pigalle (*Columbia*) was recorded live on her opening night at the famous London night-spot. On that night Shirley brought the house down with her act, and all the excitement is captured on the LP. During the evening Shirley, in her usual dramatic and vibrant style, sang *On A Wonderful Day Like Today* and *Who Can I Turn To?* from the Newley-Bricusse show, *The Roar Of The Greasepaint; Somewhere*, that beautiful and sad song from *West Side Story;* the famous Cole Porter number, *I Get A Kick Out Of You;* the bright and breezy *A Lot Of Living To Do* from *Bye Bye Birdie;* and *The Lady Is A Tramp* from *Pal Joey*. However, the number that, to my mind, was the best of the evening was her own hit, *I* (*Who Have Nothing*).

FROM Shirley Bassey's performance, recorded live at the Pigalle, to Ella Fitzgerald's performance, recorded live at the Musikhalle, Hamburg. And if there is one singer in the world who can follow Shirley and get away with it, it's this great artist. **Ella In Hamburg '65** (*Verve*) includes all kinds of popular songs. On that evening she sang evergreens, jazz standards, folk songs and recent Hit Parade numbers.

From the moment the LP begins, with *Walk Right In*, Ella will have you in a swinging mood. This is followed by *That Old Black Magic; Body And Soul; Here's That Rainy Day; And The Angels Sing;* and her famous rendering of the Beatles' hit, *A Hard Day's Night*.

Side 2 begins with an Ellington Medley and ends with the traditional *Old McDonald Had A Farm*. In between she sings, *The Boy From Ipanema; Don't Rain On My Parade; Angel Eyes;* and *Smooth Sailing*.

Smooth and sophisticated, lively and light, it is an LP you mustn't miss.

PASS ME BY • PEGGY LEE
stereo
Capitol
PEGGY LEE

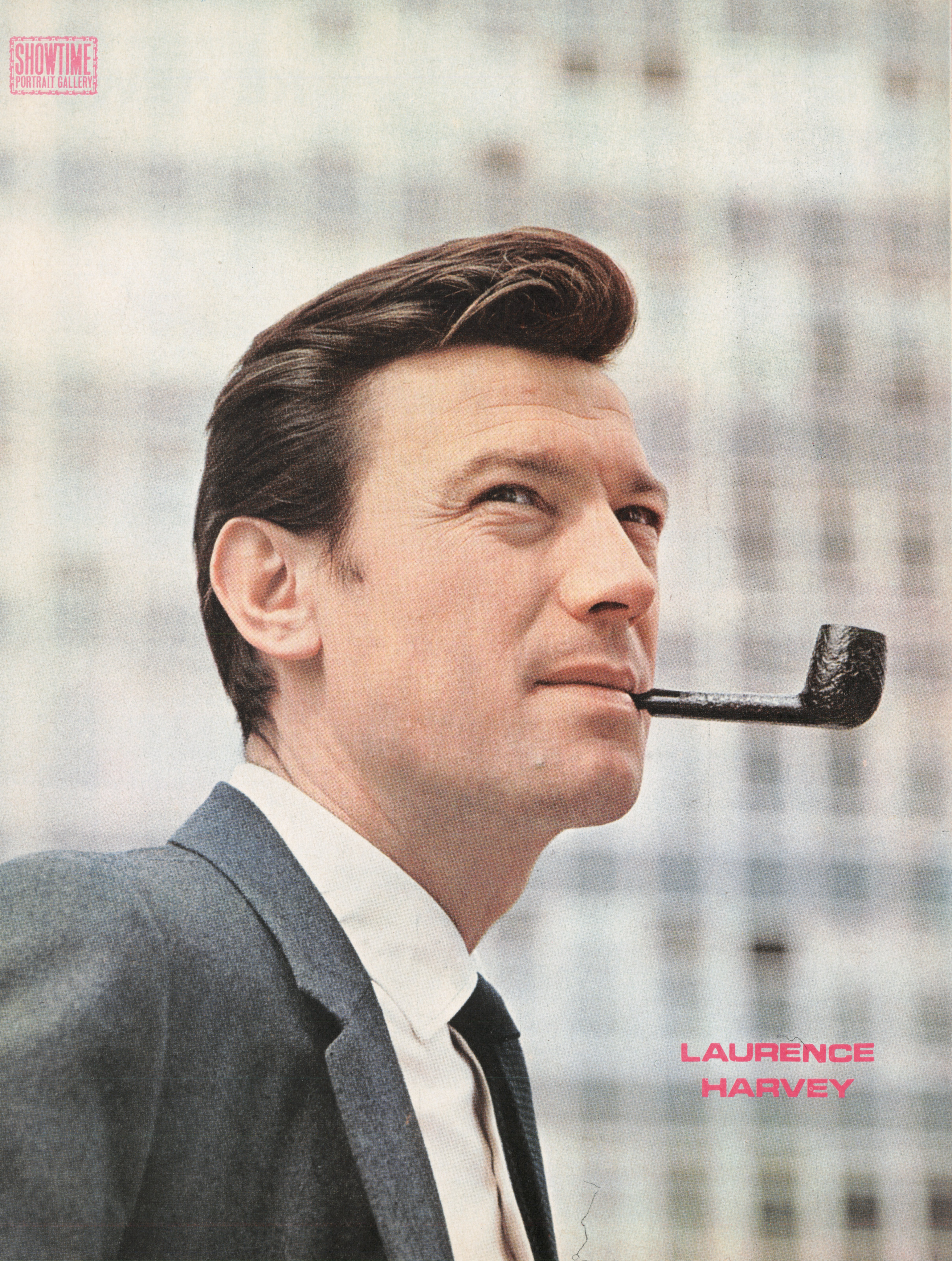
THIS is quite a month for the girls. After Dusty, Shirley and Ella, comes Peggy Lee. However, good as **Peggy Lee Pass Me By** (*Capitol*) is, she is not at her very best. And I think it is mainly the songs that let her down. Although her versions of *Bewitched; You Always Hurt The One You Love; Dear Heart;* and *That's What It Takes* are memorable, I can't say the same for *Sneakin' Up On You; Quiet Nights* and a couple of other tracks on the album. Even so, Peggy Lee fans will find enough to keep them happy.

PIANIST Peter Nero has paid a musical tribute to the fair sex on his new LP **Career Girls** (*RCA Victor*). For the housewives he plays *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World;* for nurses, *Someone To Watch Over Me;* for teachers, *Show Me;* for telephone operators, *Speak Low*. I'll leave you to guess which numbers he has selected for secretaries, models, salesgirls, etc.

This is a lively, appealing album. Nero's nimble fingers are in fine form and, as usual, his arrangements are highly individual.

TOMMY DORSEY, the "sentimental gentleman of swing", is behind **The Golden Era—Tommy Dorsey And His Orchestra** (*Pye Golden Guinea*). The album includes *Green Eyes; Tangerine; Three Coins In The Fountain; In A Little Spanish Town; You Too Can Be A Dreamer*, and other well-known numbers that never seem to fade in popularity.

The sleeve note points out that although Tommy Dorsey is no longer with us, his band lives on. New musicians have replaced the old crew, but the lure of the band is still the original, distinctive sound. Some may find it old-fashioned—but I loved every minute of it.



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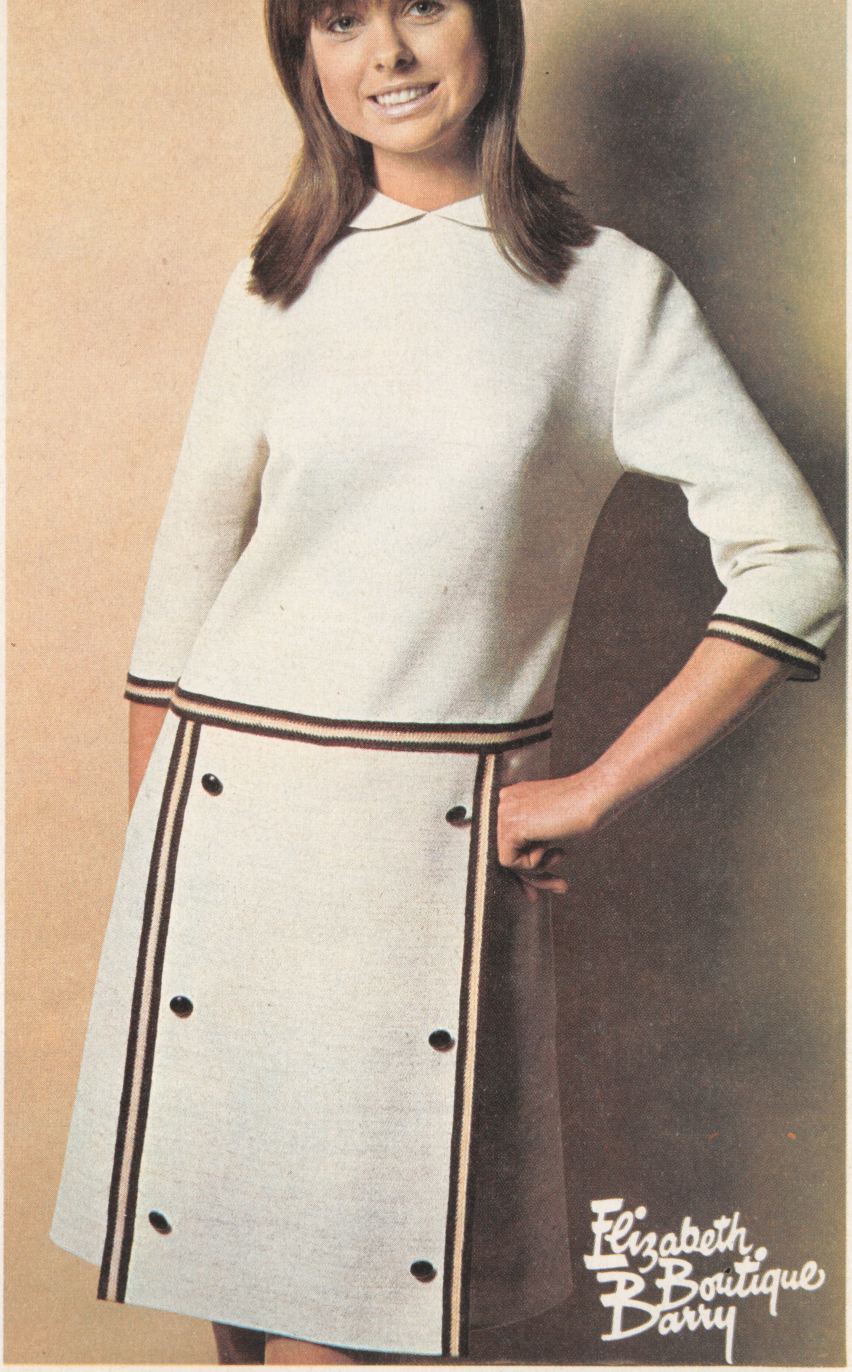

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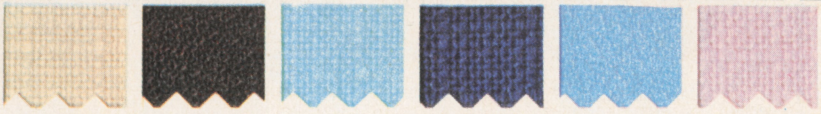

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The Tony Crawley Column cont'd

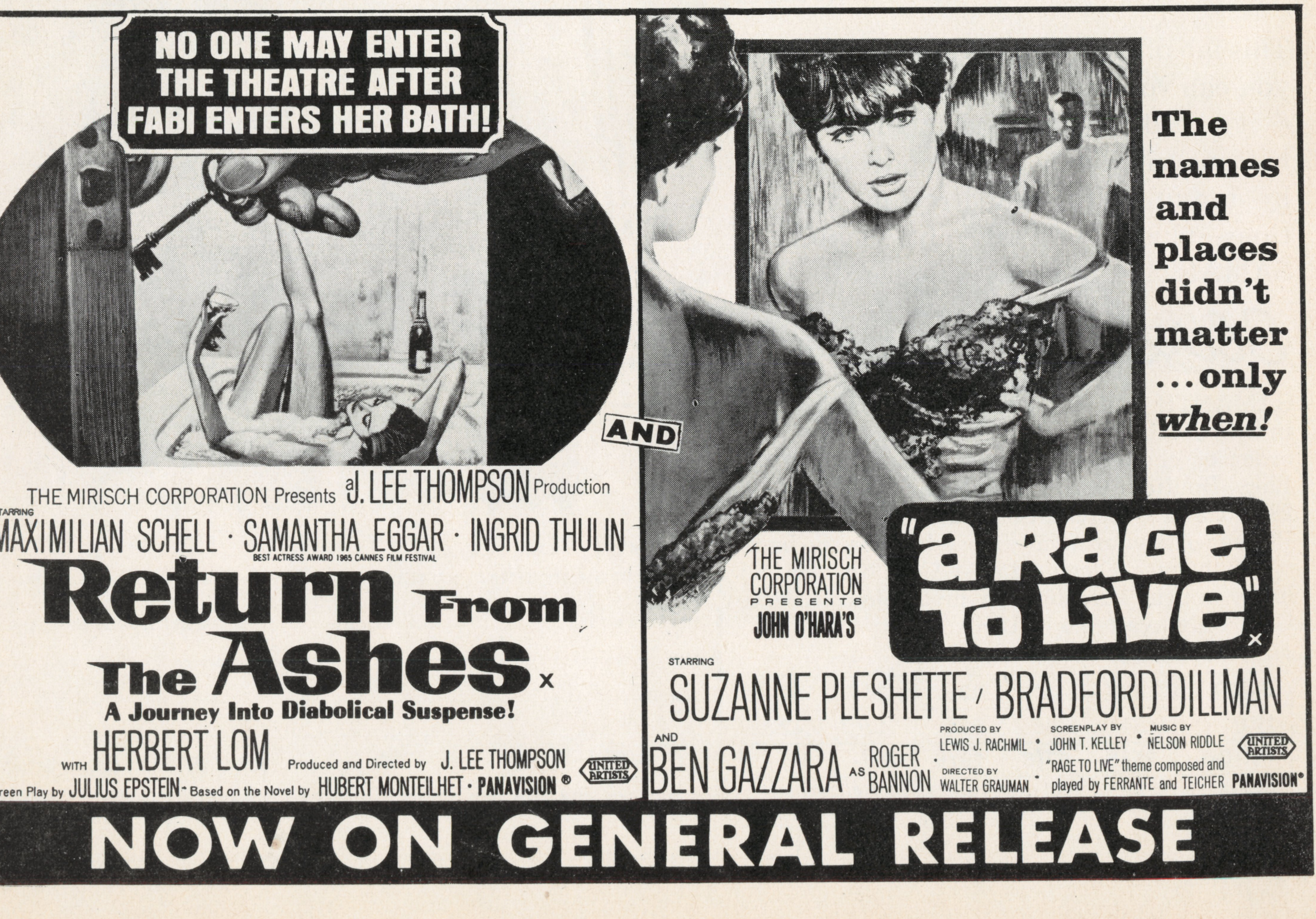
Britain's (and Peter Sellers') most popular Swedish import—Britt Ekland, plus her brunette wig. "I wear it in my new film, *After The Fox*," she says. Her co-star? Sellers, of course.

Sweden Goes West—2: *Actually a Swedish Western is planned—to be made in Italy, though. The director is ARNE MATTSSON, who made* One Summer Of Happiness *and the current* Morianerna *success.*

Latest team attempting to explain the myth that was Garbo is RAYMOND DURGENT and JOHN KOBAL in their book, *Greta Garbo* (Dutton Vista Picture-back; 10s. 6d.). Remarkably well illustrated, this must for all Garbo lovers neatly succeeds in its aim—"to offer a mosaic of observations and interpretations, to open up a maze of reflections . . ."

Yet another slim blonde who owes all to Ingmar Bergman is INGRID THULIN—brilliant as Gunnel Lindblom's sister in *The Silence*, and continuing her international career just now in *Return From The Ashes*. "Had I not met Ingmar I don't think I would have continued acting," she says. "I had made many pictures, you see, but was tiring of all the clichés. I'd been *femmes fatales* (even in black underclothes!), young women, worldly-wise . . . and not so worldly-wise. Then Ingmar offered me real acting roles and I found new faith in myself and in films. Now I know I can do more with my talent—I think I can even direct. I must try . . ."

WELL-I-NEVER NOTE: INGMAR BERGMAN WHO IS, AS I'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED, THE MAN WHO HAS CREATED NEARLY ALL OF SWEDEN'S ACTRESSES, SEEMS TO HAVE RUN OUT OF LOCAL TALENT. HIS NEW DISCOVERY IN HIS FILM, *PERSONA*, IS LIV ULLMAN. **From Norway . . .!**



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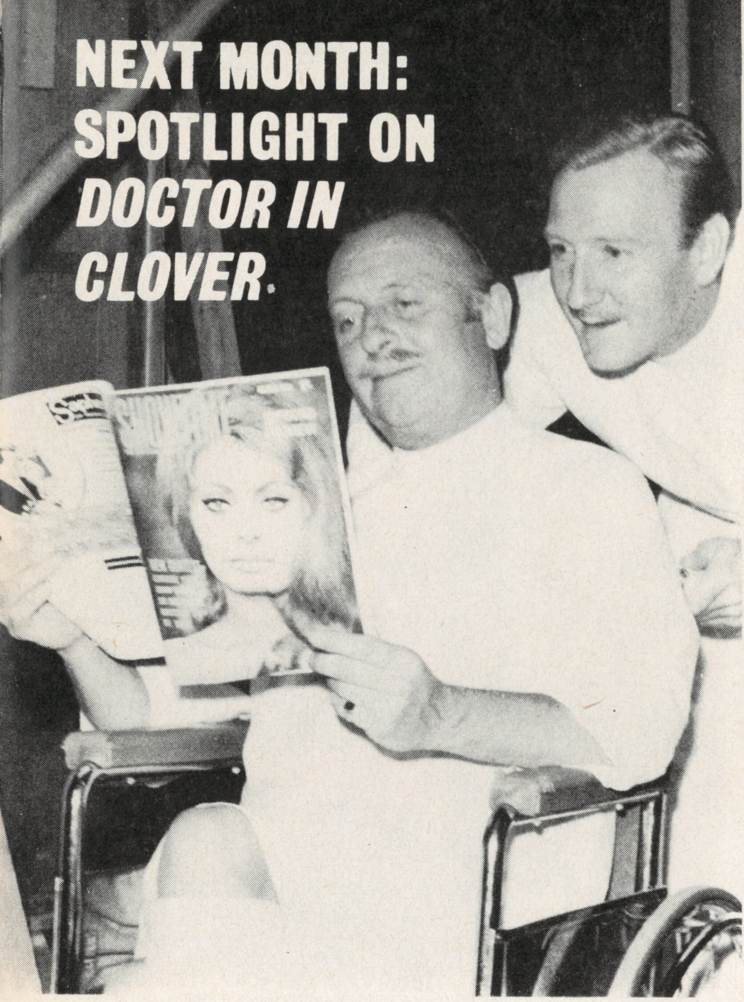

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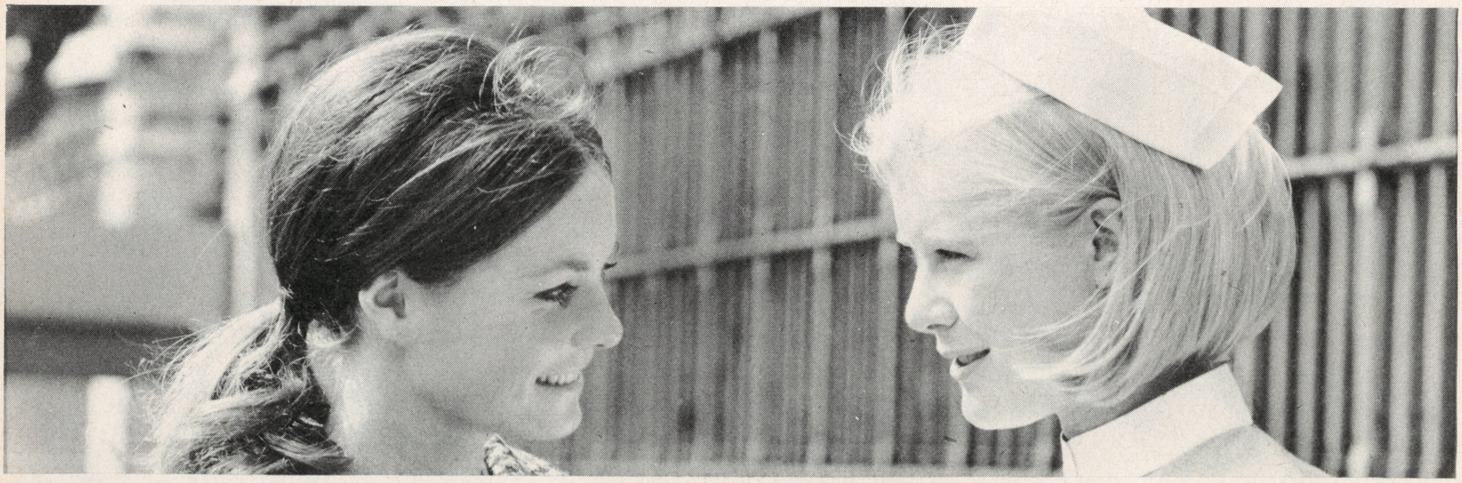

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Don't you have to be born with a special gift for nursing?
That's cinema stuff! A nurse is someone with common sense who likes working with people.

I don't think I'd like the long hours on that low pay.
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CLAUDIA

IN HOLLYWOOD

Blindfold, her first film to be made in the film capital, is a comedy-thriller with as many twists and turns as an old oak

"I HAVE a ridiculous snubbed nose and funny ears," said Claudia Cardinale. She screwed up her face in mock anguish. "No," she exclaimed, "you couldn't call me beautiful. Not in any sense of the word. I am amazed people think I photograph so well."

Between talking, Claudia was tucking into a huge salad in the busy Hollywood restaurant. She was wearing a simple white blouse and navy skirt. Her hair, straight and soft, caressed her shoulders.

"You couldn't call me sexy," she continued. "Not *really* sexy—like Loren or Bardot. The other day someone called me 'an unusual looking child.' I suppose that was a little unkind—especially the 'child' bit—but I knew what they meant."

There are those in the film capital who would describe Claudia otherwise. *An unusual looking child*? Who is kidding who? "This Italian beauty makes most of our girls look like shop-window dummies," wrote one Hollywood columnist. "She is warm, vital and has more sex-appeal than a dozen Hollywood starlets put together," said another. I am inclined to agree.

"Claudia is more than terrific," said Rock Hudson, who co-stars with her in a new picture, *Blindfold*. "You hear about these dishy Italian girls and you think it can't be true. But, if Claudia is anything to go by, it is. We all love her."

Rock is not exaggerating. America has taken Claudia to its heart. Since she arrived here to make *Blindfold*—her first Hollywood picture—she has won thousands of new fans. She is thought of as being a highly professional actress, an elegant and beautiful woman and a person who is very nice to know. I can't remember a Continental actress catching on so quickly in Hollywood.

Fortunately, Claudia likes America as much as America likes her. I say "fortunately" because it looks as if she could spend a lot of time here in the future. After completing *Blindfold* she went to Spain to make *The Centurions*, but soon returned to Hollywood for *The Professionals*, with Burt Lancaster. Now other offers are being considered and, if she accepts them, her career will be America-based for some time.

What is *Blindfold*, the film chosen for her Hollywood debut, about? It is a comedy-thriller with as many twists and

Continued overleaf

Between takes Claudia relaxes with *Blindfold's* director, Philip Dunne.

CLAUDIA cont'd

Claudia clings to Rock throughout their various *Blindfold* adventures. "It was," she says, "great fun making the film. Except for those alligators!"

turns as an old oak. Rock Hudson portrays a society psychologist who becomes involved with a former patient, a brilliant theoretical physicist who works for the government and whose neurotic disturbances have returned.

The physicist's project is top secret and strict security measures are enforced to keep his whereabouts unknown. This means that Hudson has to be blindfolded before being taken to the man to give him treatment.

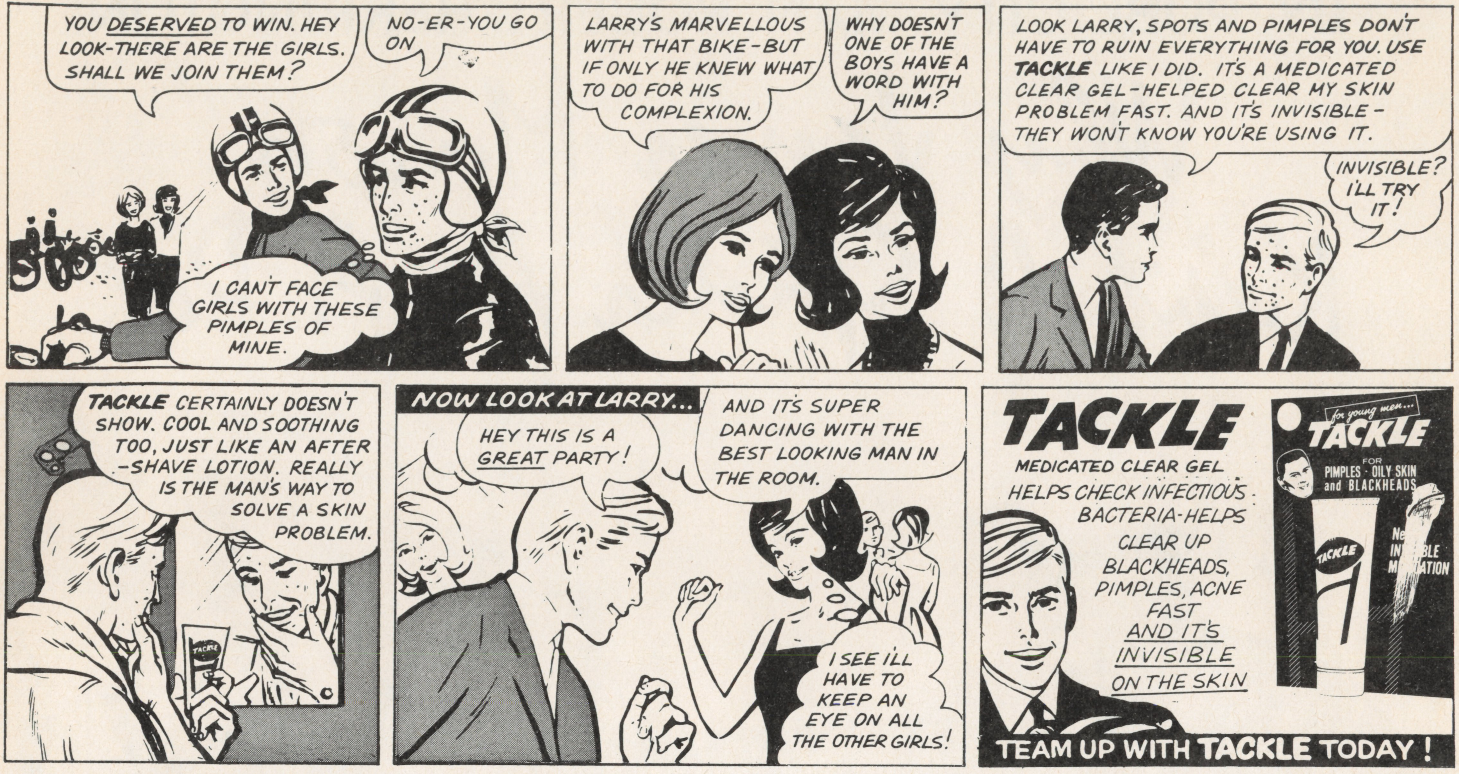
Claudia enters the story when she deliberately crashes her bicycle in front of Hudson and complains of an injured knee. Hudson takes her to his office but, while answering the phone, Claudia disappears. So does the file on the physicist. Later Hudson discovers she is the physicist's sister. And so the plot thickens . . .

Claudia is surrounded by an excellent cast for her first Hollywood production. Apart from Hudson, Guy Stockwell, Jack Warden and Brad Dexter also star.

"It was great fun making the film," said Claudia. "Rock was wonderful to me. The only thing I didn't like was one of the locations. We had to shoot in a swamp—and we had alligators as co-stars!"

IAN HAYNES

"LONELY LARRY" CLEARS UP HIS PROBLEM ... the man's way!


YOU DESERVED TO WIN. HEY LOOK-THERE ARE THE GIRLS. SHALL WE JOIN THEM?
NO-ER-YOU GO ON
I CAN'T FACE GIRLS WITH THESE PIMPLES OF MINE.
LARRY'S MARVELLOUS WITH THAT BIKE-BUT IF ONLY HE KNEW WHAT TO DO FOR HIS COMPLEXION.
WHY DOESN'T ONE OF THE BOYS HAVE A WORD WITH HIM?
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NOW LOOK AT LARRY...
HEY THIS IS A GREAT PARTY!
AND IT'S SUPER DANCING WITH THE BEST LOOKING MAN IN THE ROOM.
I SEE I'LL HAVE TO KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THE OTHER GIRLS!
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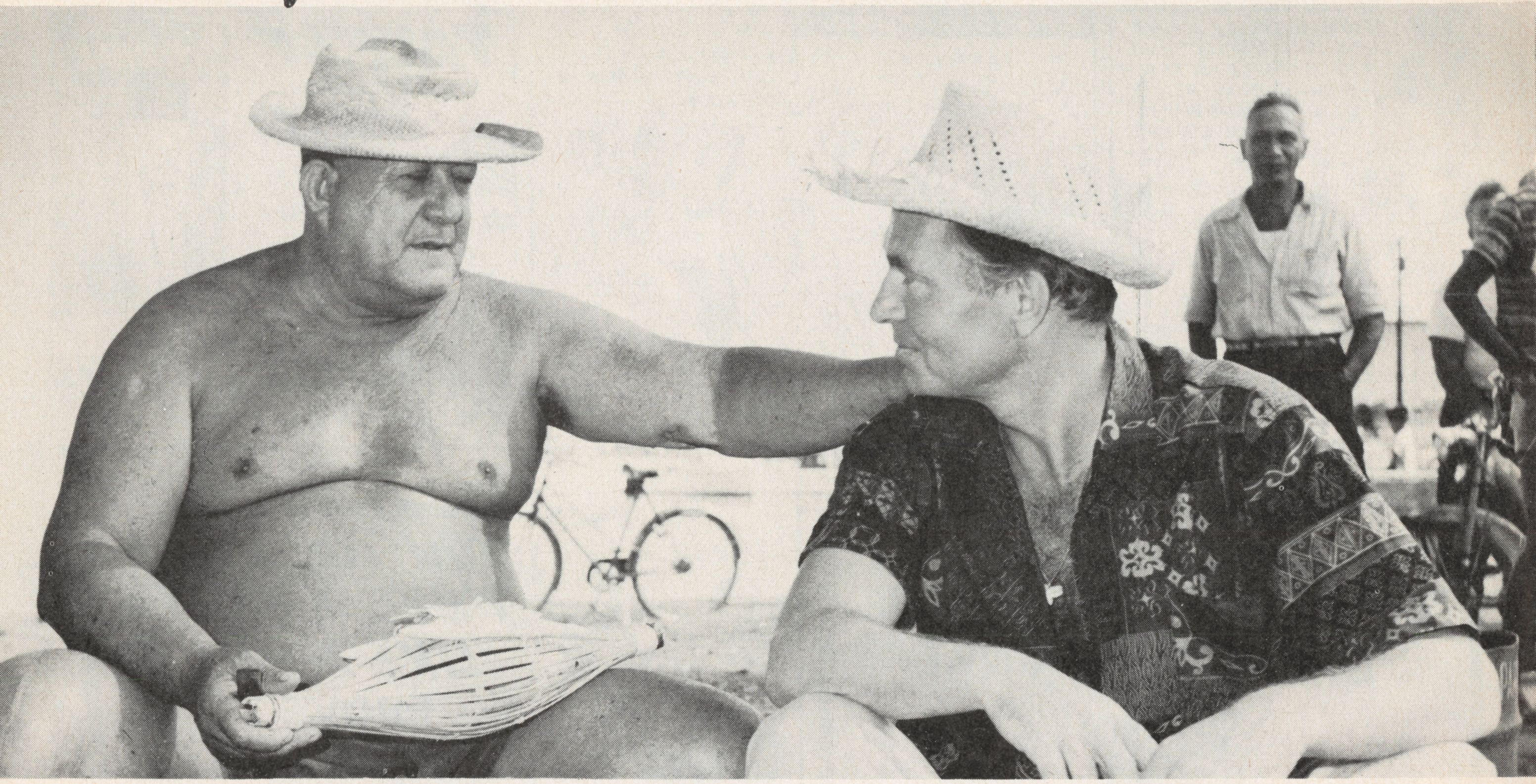
AGE

WORKING WITH THE STARS
BY PUBLICITY MAN ROBERT HERRINGTON

Why James Mason Kept A Spider As A Pet



Star in the Sun—James Mason meets Emile Gauguin, son of the famous painter, in Tahiti.

IT'S an exhilarating job, working as I do with the stars, as a film unit publicity director. Some of the stars you hate, some you love. But, in my experience, they all have one thing in common: you can't ignore them. In almost every case they are "characters", in the true sense of the word.

Besides his normal publicity duties, a publicity man is a sort of jack-of-all-trades to many stars. Some have used my shoulder to cry on. Others have expected me to act like a father to them. And many of the younger, less experienced stars think that, because you are a publicity man, you should be able to coach them in anything from how to select the right wine at dinner to choosing antique furniture for their homes.

The stars tell you many of their best-guarded secrets, and you must never betray their trust. An actor or actress must be able to rely on the publicity man working on the picture. If they can't, he is not doing his job.

Another thing I have learned over the years: you must always be ready for the unexpected. Once I had to look after a Hollywood star's baby for a week while she found a nannie; once I joined a star for breakfast and was horrified to discover a giant spider sitting on the table. On one film, Anthony Armstrong Jones—now Lord Snowdon—revealed one of the secrets of how he gets such marvellous photographs. On another occasion, Prince Charles was a surprise visitor to the set.

Another incident I will never forget occurred in an Amsterdam cinema: I saw a star give a performance for an audience of one—an attractive girl who was deaf and dumb. The star was Norman Wisdom, and this special show was given after Norman's performance promoting his new film.

We were in his dressing-room when there was a knock at the door.

I opened it and found a young man standing outside.

"Can I bring my wife in to see Norman?" he asked. "I'd like him to sing for her."

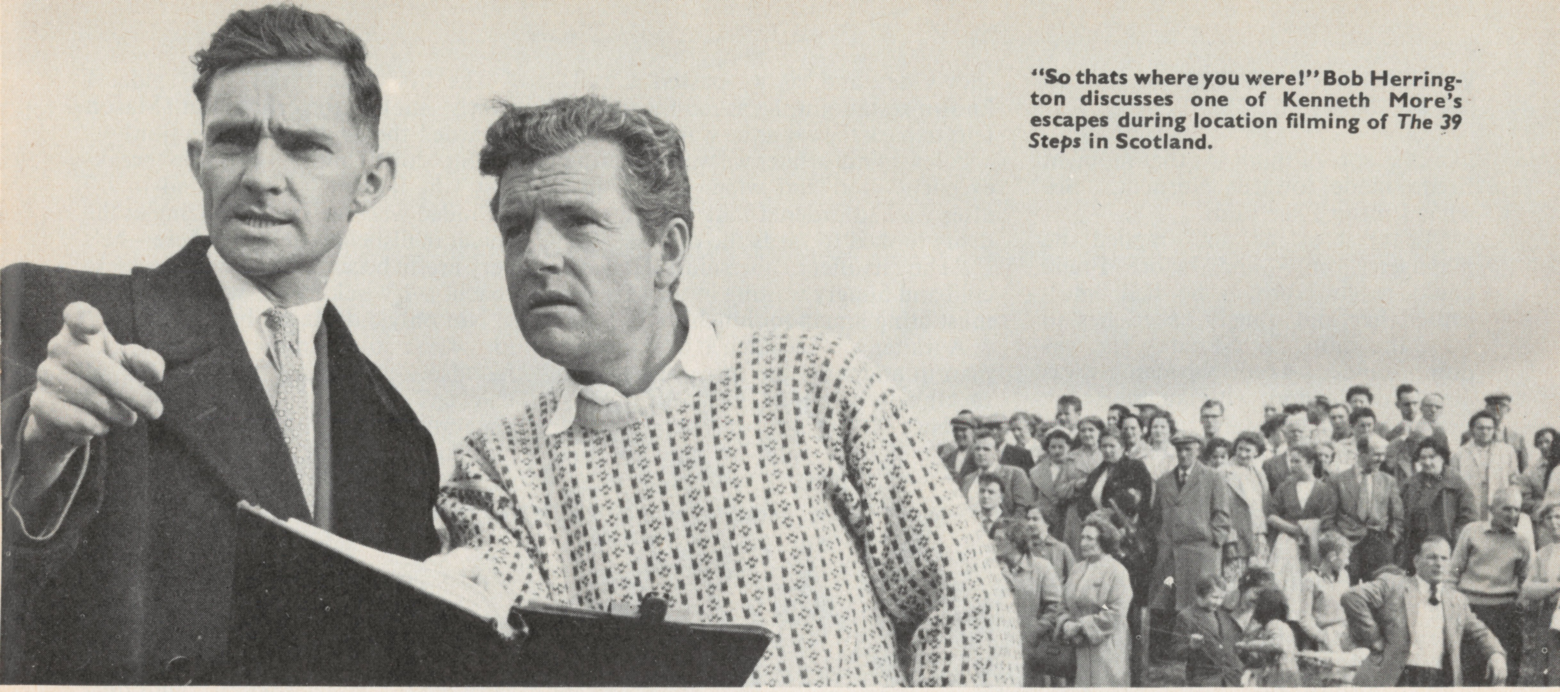
"Haven't you just seen Norman on the stage?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the man, "but my wife is deaf and dumb."

"If your wife is deaf," I said, "how can she hear him now?"

The husband explained that his wife could "hear" Norman if he would let her place the tips of her fingers on his throat.

Norman, who had been listening to the conversation, came to the door at that moment and agreed immediately to the request. Minutes later, in that



"So thats where you were!" Bob Herrington discusses one of Kenneth More's escapes during location filming of *The 39 Steps* in Scotland.

tiny dressing-room in the Royal Cinema, Amsterdam, I saw one of the most unusual and moving performances Norman has ever given.

Norman sang *Don't Laugh At Me 'Cause I'm A Fool*, the song he had just made famous. The young wife was delighted. And so was the husband who was very deeply moved by the performance.

Of course, Norman can also have moments of devilment. I remember one afternoon, Norman, his wife Freda, and I were browsing in a book shop in Geneva.

It was a huge place and was crowded. Freda was engrossed in a book that had caught her eye at the other end of the shop when Norman grinned at me and winked.

Then, to my amazement, he walked up to the English-speaking shop manager and gravely informed him that a woman had been trailing him all afternoon (which, in a way, was true!) and had actually followed him into the shop.

Norman pointed out the unsuspecting Freda and then, his face deadly serious, told the manager that he didn't

Continued overleaf

A favourite with any crowd—Norman Wisdom. And Bob Herrington has been with him all over the Continent. Bob has a moving memory of their trip to Amsterdam.

like that sort of thing. At that moment Freda made towards Norman. "See what I mean?" he said.

"Leave it to me, sir," replied the manager grimly—and before Freda could reach Norman he had intercepted her and quietly asked her to leave the shop. Poor Freda—she was dumbfounded! As for Norman, he was almost on the floor with laughter!

Perhaps, in a way, Norman paid for that trick because, soon after arriving home, he gave a charity show sponsored by the police. After the performance—for which he was thanked by various police chiefs — he walked to where he had parked his car to find a zealous cop had pinched him for parking!

There was another amusing episode concerning Norman. I call it the "fish and chip episode"...

Norman is crazy about fish and chips, and this was no secret to one of his business friends, as I discovered when flying to the Continent with Norman and his party. Before leaving London, this friend bought a bundle of fish and chips suitably wrapped in newspaper. Then, once aboard the aircraft, he asked the stewardess if she would keep them warm and serve them to him instead of the usual champagne-fillet steak lunch. She agreed.

In a way, however, the scheme backfired. Norman was delighted when his meal was served and didn't bat an eyelid. Even so, it was the first time I had ever seen a famous star—or anyone for that matter—served fish and chips wrapped in newspaper on a luxury airliner!

Another actor I will never forget working with is James Mason. He is one of the most intelligent and amusing men I have ever met. He is accused of being difficult to get on with and bad-tempered. He is neither. Mason may not be the easiest man to get to know but, if you prove to him that all you want is the chance to get on with your job and prove you can do it well, he will co-operate and show you every kindness. And this is true no matter what that job might be.

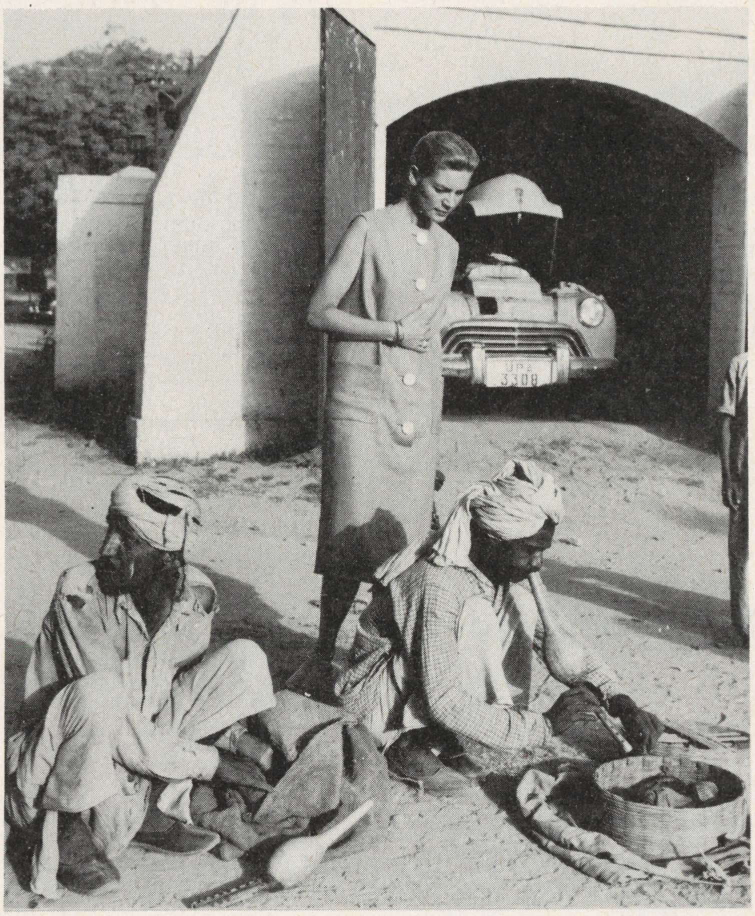
I remember once I was driving with Mason in his beautiful Rolls-Royce. It was around lunchtime on a cold, snowy day and, as we passed a well-known restaurant, he asked the chauffeur to park the car as he wanted to eat.

A few minutes later we were ordering excellent food and wine. It was just after we had ordered that Mason suddenly looked towards the door.

"The chauffeur," he said. "He'll be cold and hungry waiting in the car. We must bring him in for lunch!"

A waiter was despatched to bring the man in and soon the three of us were tucking into a good meal. In my experience Mason is the only star to make such a gesture—and he paid for the lunch, which in itself is a rare thing for a star to do when his publicity man is present.

I also take snaps—here's Lauren Bacall in India for *North West Frontier*



I worked with Mason for many months on *Tiara Tahiti*, and seven weeks were spent on the tiny island of Tahiti in the South Pacific. I got to know him during that time because Tahiti is one of the few places in the world where a man can drop his mantle of reserve and relax.

It has been said that there isn't much wrong with a man who likes animals and, in Mason's case, it is true.

Everywhere he goes he seems to gather cats round him. He certainly did in Tahiti, where I often saw them playing in his bungalow. And not only cats. He had other pets as well . . . like the giant spider which always used to squat on his breakfast table.

The first time I saw that spider I nearly shot into orbit. But Mason regarded the spider with affection!

"Sit down and have some breakfast," he invited. "Don't mind that," he added when he saw me gazing at the spider in disbelief. "He lives here—he's very useful because he eats all the cockroaches. I wouldn't be without him."

Not only did Mason have cats and a king-sized spider in his bungalow, but he also had lizards and hordes of chickens walking in and out and generally making themselves at home!

"I keep the lizards because they keep down the mosquitoes," he explained calmly. "The cats deal with the rats and the chickens eat the poisonous centipedes."

I had to confess I didn't particularly like his pets—but I saw his point!

Another star who likes animals is Dirk Bogarde, who has an English mastiff called Candida. From what Dirk has told me, Candida is quite a character. One of her favourite tricks is to pounce out on unsuspecting visitors, as they approach Dirk's front door, and hold their ankles in a vice-like grip.

Dirk's passion for do-it-yourself around the home provided a laugh during one conversation I had with him.

Dirk had bought a beautiful new home, but, before moving in, he decided to have it completely repainted. During the redecoration, handled by a small army of workmen, Dirk, an enthusiastic mucker-in when it comes to interior decorating, had donned paint-stained jeans and a sweatshirt, grabbed a brush and joined in the work.

"There I was," Dirk told me, "painting away at a skirting board when one of the workmen clapped me on the shoulder and told me what a fine job I was doing. Then the man remarked: '*It must have been a proper mug what bought this place*.' I kept a straight face and made non-committal noises. I hadn't the heart to tell him I was the mug!"

NEXT MONTH:

Royalty at the studios . . .
Prince Charles on the set . . .
working with Lord Snowdon—
and Peter Finch, Kenneth
More, Lauren Bacall, Michael Caine
and the Mills Family.

007's RIVAL

Continued from page 18

"Bond always has someone covering his back—that's Felix. Bond uses him as an extra arm."

Rik was referring to his varied spate of Italian films—in which he's been Ivanhoe, Buffalo Bill and a spaceman. Once he even changed his name to Clyde Roger for a joke in an Italian Western. "Everybody in Rome has had a film run out of money on them at least once," he added. "I've been lucky. My films always finished. Sometimes I didn't get my money right away—but I always got it!"

And Rik would still have been in those "thud and blunder" epics—lost and unknown, famous only as Anita Ekberg's second husband—if Felix had not come along. Anita helped there. In London with Rik, she invited her old friends, Cubby Broccoli and his wife, to dinner. "But," explained Rik, "Cubby said: *'You're guests in our town, we'll take you out'* . . . Then right in the middle of the meal, he said to me: *'You know something, you're Felix Leiter . . .'.*"

"FELIX IS A SCHIZO!"

He laughed and went on: "Whenever Bond has to go somewhere, or be rescued, Felix is doing it. In a helicopter, on a cushion-craft, or just shooting at sharks for him—he does all this. Bond, of course, is very capable himself, but he has many more things to take care of. He's tough, but still needs Leiter around when he's in a tough spot. He uses Felix as an extra arm. Bond always has someone covering his back—that's Felix.

"It is Felix who puts the aqua-lung equipment on him, takes him out to sea, and flings him over the side. Then it's: *'Goodbye James.'* Bond goes swimming out to do battle with Largo's villains. Not Leiter. Not on your life. He's well away from it."

And how does Rik see Leiter? What kind of man is Bond's closest rival? "I figure him out this way. He's a schizo in the first place, a dual personality. But he knows it. On one hand he's a gentleman. He believes in James, and Bond believes in him. They trust each other implicitly. He never tries to romance Bond's women. He will buy them a drink, entertain them for Bond, watch over them for him. But he's always a gentleman with them.

"ALSO A MERCENARY"

"He's a little shrewd in the sense that he's always helping Bond to go out and slay the dragon—but never around when the dragon is being fought! He's also a mercenary—inasmuch as the C.I.A. pays more than the British Secret Service, that's all. Felix likes his money. He has his affairs. But he has them on the side; we never know about them. This is why he can afford to be a gentleman with Bond's women. Though he knows . . . we all know . . . Bond wouldn't be so much of a gent around Felix's dolls!"

Born in Pomona, California—on 1st May, 1929—Rik started professional life as a photographer, and actually began his film career on the technical side as a location manager and assistant director with the Hawaiian Visitors' Bureau. ("Tourists don't like to be called tourists, so they're 'visitors' in Hawaii!"). His job was choosing and shooting location landscapes for Hollywood companies.

"Then one time this producer—you know, typical Hollywood man, big cigar and all—liked the way I worked and said: *'If you ever come to Hollywood, you gotta job'*. So I went one day—and surprise! He gave me the job. Production manager for a film company on location in Africa. I took them right through. Didn't lose a person. Didn't lose a penny!

"After that safari, I met Europe. And I figured this was it. This was the only place I'd be happy. The reasons are very hard to define. I mean, why do you like a painting? You feel a painting. So you have to feel a way of life. Some people like the States—and I'm not knocking the States—but it's not what is cut out for me as an individual. I think it's important to be where you're happy, because we're here for just a few years really, so why not try to live as happily as you can?"

So Rik settled in Rome, as a location manager for Columbia Pictures, until the fateful day he was asked to shave off his moustache. (He had already met Anita once with the moustache—"long and heavy, I'd grown it in Africa"—and she disliked him and it.)

"I'd gone to see about an assistant director's job," explained Rik. "Then this guy said: *'Would you mind shaving that off?'* Why? *'Because you can then work in front of a camera.'* So being a true artist, I asked: *'What's it pay?'* And it paid more than the assistant's job. I shaved it off and became an actor. Never really considered it as a job before. Once a Hollywood guy asked me about acting and I said: *'Don't be daft. I'm not the acting type. I like money!'* "

And so began Rik's up-and-down career in Continental co-productions. "I wouldn't have exchanged them for anything. It's the only way to learn. You learn even from a bad movie. Until *Thunderball*, the best film I'd made was *Romanoff And Juliet* for Peter Ustinov. I was Sandra Dee's fiancé. Had much darker hair then. It's been going white in the last few years. I guess it's the wrong wine—or rotten ice cubes or something."

"WE BOTH WANT TO WORK"

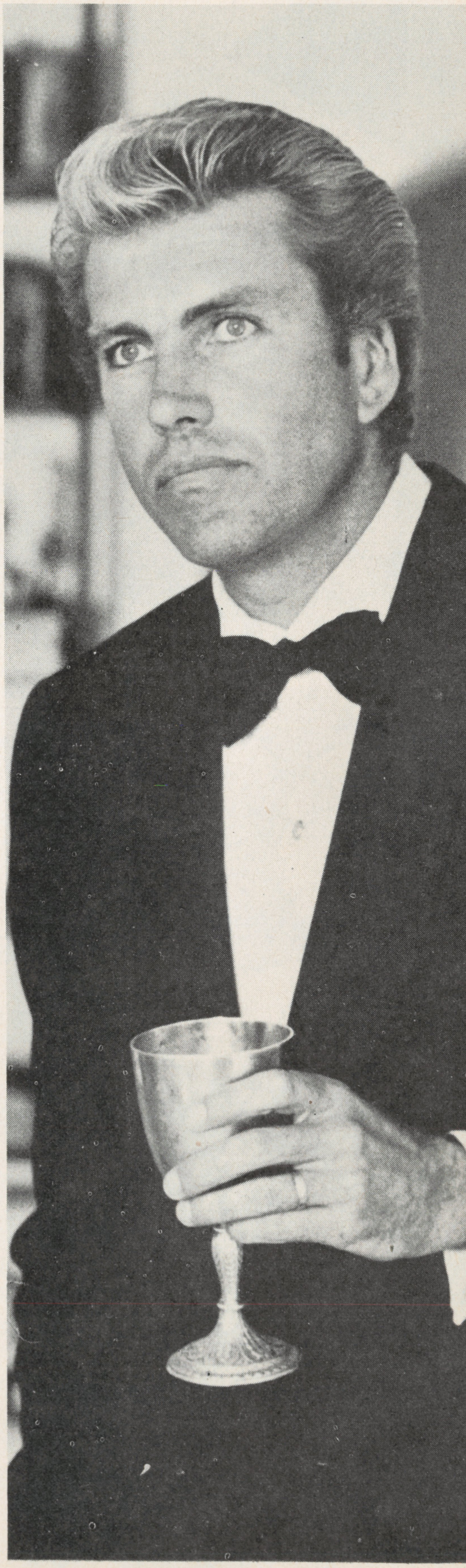
Four years after their first meeting, Rik met Anita Ekberg again. "This time without my moustache—oh, she hates them!—and we've never been apart since." They live in a villa, on a few hundred sun-baked acres between the Mediterranean and a huge lake, 135 kilometres out of Rome.

"We've set no limitations on our careers," explained Rik. "We both want to work and enjoy it. And we're longing to work together. We've had a company since 1963 to make films, but we're in no hurry. I'd love to direct Anita in a comedy—she has a fabulous sense of humour! There's one book I own which we may make soon—producing not starring—about the Pakistani war and the frontier conflict with India."

Rik also has to reserve time to put on that Leiter mantle again. "This year we go to Japan for *You Only Live Twice*, then it's Switzerland in 1967 for *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Like I say—I'm lucky, damned lucky."

Finally, I asked Rik about his grand-sounding name. "It's the family name, all right," he grinned. "Nothing faked about it—came from Vienna, long before I got it. Don't really know much about it."

"Sounds as if it should have a 'count' in front of it," I commented. Rik laughed again: "Count the money is all I'd say to that!"



‘THE OGRE’ MAKES A SHOCKER

Otto Preminger's new film, *Bunny Lake Is Missing,* begins on a high note of drama. Soon after Ann Lake (Carol Lynley), a young American girl, arrives in London with her four-year-old daughter, Bunny, the little girl disappears.

But if you want to know what happens after that, you will have to see the film, for Preminger and his cast have kept intriguingly quiet about it. And you had better be there for the beginning, too, for Preminger has warned that no one (“not even Alfred Hitchcock”) will be allowed into the cinema once the film has begun. “To have the right impact,” he says, “the picture must be seen from the very beginning.”

Continued overleaf

Carol Lynley, as the distraught mother, searches everywhere for her infant daughter. Meanwhile (below) the Scotland Yard investigation proceeds as Inspector Laurence Olivier questions the baby's uncle (Keir Dullea).

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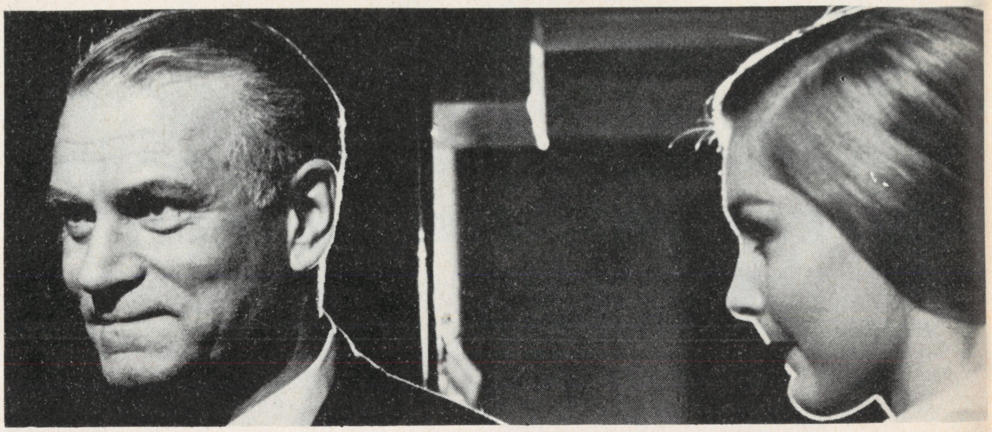
Otto Preminger cont'd



Olivier in a scene with his young co-star, Carol Lynley.

If Preminger succeeds in fascinating the public with the mysterious disappearance of Bunny Lake as well as he succeeded in capturing the interest of the people he wanted for the film, the box-offices should be kept busy.

Apart from his young female star, Carol Lynley, he managed to get Laurence Olivier, Noel Coward, and a brilliant young American actor, Keir Dullea. Olivier plays the police inspector who investigates the girl's disappearance; Coward is the bizarre and inquisitive landlord of the London mews flat into which Ann Lake moves on the very day of the disappearance. Dullea plays her brother.

For Preminger, *Bunny Lake Is Missing* is something of a change. Unlike many of his recent productions (*The Cardinal* and *In Harm's Way* to name but two), it is not of epic size. "It is more of a shocker," he explains.

But while Preminger may have changed the type of film he makes, he himself has changed not at all. He directed the production with his usual iron grip and, when it was completed, there were many in the unit who looked as if they needed a good holiday.

"Mr. Preminger gets a good performance from you, but he's exhausting to work with," said Miss Lynley.

"It was quite an experience working with Otto Preminger," commented Dullea. "But I'd need a rest before I filmed with him again."

Of course, much has been said and written about this man Preminger. For he is the sort of person who provokes comment—not all of it kind by any means.

"I heard Otto could be rough," said Tom Tryon after completing *The Cardinal* for him. "But I didn't know how rough. I guess it's kind of a war of nerves we had with each other—making me or breaking me.

"But you know something? I respect him. I'd like to think he respects me, too."

Respect! Talk to anyone in show business circles and you'll find it repeated whenever the name Otto Preminger crops up. Talk to Kirk Douglas, for instance.

The film world sat back and waited for the explosion when it was announced that Douglas would star for Preminger in *In Harm's Way*. Kirk, with a reputation of being not the easiest guy to handle ("Call me a son-of-a-bitch" is his most famous self-appraisal. "Most people do"), was not the sort of man who would knuckle under to the usual Preminger approach. And Otto was not likely to appreciate any outbursts of temperament on Douglas's part.

But what happened when the two met? Nothing. Only as fine an acting performance from Kirk as he has ever given.

"Put it this way," said Kirk. "Otto and I have a kinda mutual respect. I enjoy working with the old ogre."

Preminger, however, shrugs off that "ogre" image. "Nonsense. I am not tough, except when I have to be. With some actors you got to be tough to get them to do things right. But ask Kirk Douglas, ask John Wayne if I'm an autocrat. They *liked* working with me.

"It's the same with money. Sure I spend a lot on my films, though the quality of a picture has nothing to do with what it costs. The script is really what counts.

"I've been criticised for using books as the source of my material, but books are so much richer than plays or original scripts. I always buy a property outright. I did so in the case of *Bunny Lake*. It's the only way I can work."

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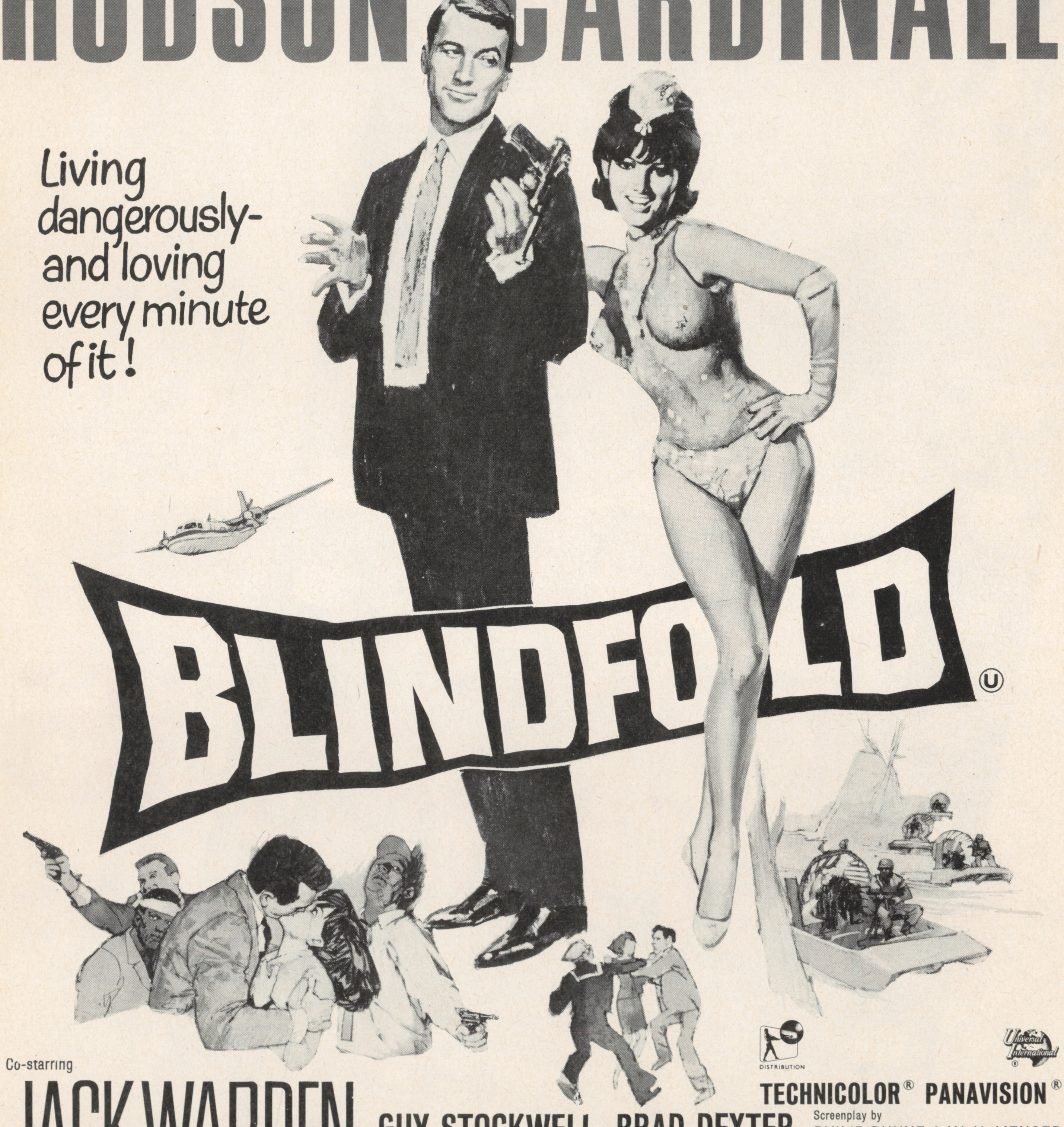

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HAYNES IS

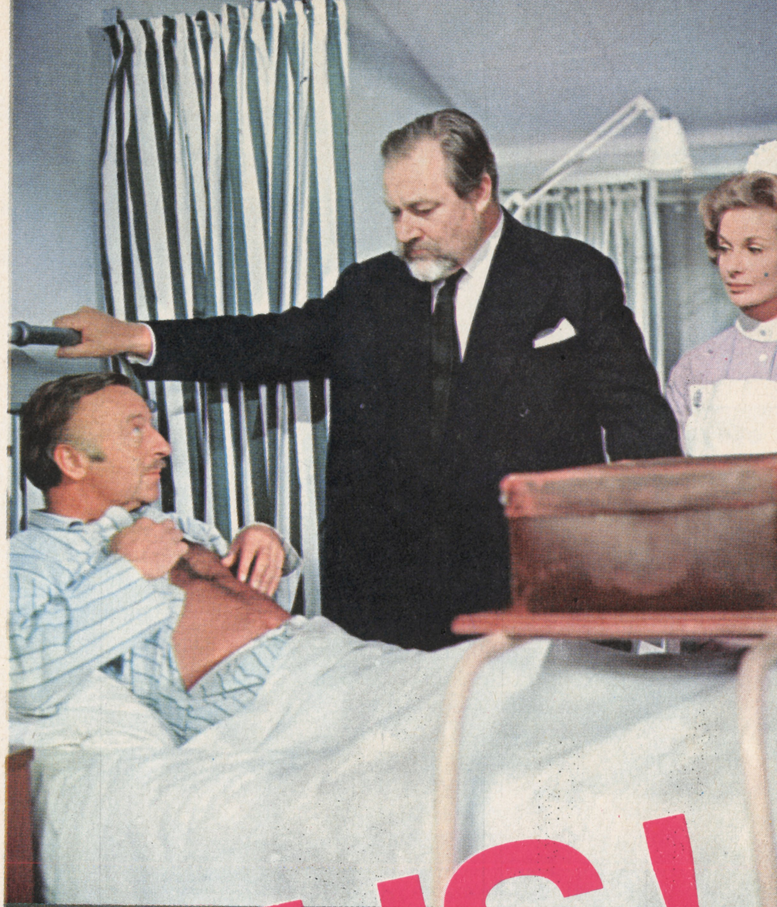
YOU'LL have difficulty deciding whose side to be on when you see *Doctor In Clover*. In one corner you have the bed-bound patients, in the other the highly mobile hospital staff.

Your sympathy will probably be with the patients at first, because most of us have been in hospital at one time or another and understand the problems and frustrations of being confined to bed. But I don't guarantee your sympathy for the highly individual invalids will last. You will soon learn that the hospital staff has its problems, too.

Not the least of its worries at the Hampden Cross Hospital is Tarquin Wendover, a character brilliantly brought to life by TV's comedy star, Arthur Haynes. Wendover is a patient who never stops complaining. He is a perfect pest. But, could it be some of his moaning is not without justification? After all, it is obvious that certain members of the staff at the Hampden Cross Hospital spend more time chasing romance than taking temperatures.

Gaston Grimsdyke (Leslie Phillips in fine form) is the biggest culprit. He is far more interested in tracking down nurses than the patients' illnesses. However, Gaston's senior house surgeon is the fiery, indomitable Sir Lancelot Spratt (James Robertson Justice) and he is determined to make Gaston an honourable and useful physician.

But Gaston has other ideas and when he meets the hospital's beautiful physiotherapist (played by a charming French actress called Elizabeth Ercy) these ideas really begin to develop. Unfortunately for Gaston the girl isn't so interested in him. She tells Gaston that he is too old for her. But he is not to be put off . . .



HILARIOUS!

Above: Tarquin is examined by Sir Lancelot. Below: a different relationship with another patient.

This delightfully amusing film introduces a host of comic characters. There's Tatiana, an over-sexed ballet dancer (played by the delicious Fenella Fielding); a love-sick matron (Joan Sims) who complicates hospital life by falling for Gaston and the beefy Sir Lancelot; a film star (Robert Hutton) who convinces Gaston that the best way to rejuvenate himself is to create a new image.

Doctor In Clover is the sixth in the series and it is the funniest since the first, *Doctor In The House*. Everyone in it obviously enjoyed every minute they spent making the film and it shows in their performances.

Perhaps the biggest hit is Arthur Haynes who, as Wendover, finds himself the star of a TV show similar to *Your Life In Their Hands*.

"Bit of a lark, that is," chuckled Arthur when we asked him about it. "When they're wheeling me in for the operation, I jump off the trolley to open the doors for them—then I buzz off! They drag me back, of course. Then, as soon as I see all the TV cameras and realise what's going on, I'm even less interested in the operation—more concerned about my fees . . .

"Still, I think my funniest scene in the whole picture is the bed-bath. Even so, I'd forgotten all about it until I saw the film. That's the way I am. I make a film, people at the studios get all enthusiastic and talk about big things. Me? I forget until the film comes out. Then, if it's any good, I'm only too keen to make another. But no top-of-the-bill roles, please. Just some meaty little character roles. Like old Tarquin!"

BENTINE

Continued from page 9

Gussy, Perky and Suki (or Marylla, Stuart, Richard and Serena, as they were named at their christenings).

Michael, you soon gather from the children's lively chatter about him, is the perfect father. His wife agrees: "He's as inventive as a father as he is as a writer and comedian. Whatever he may be doing the children come first."

Neither the Bentines, nor I, would be surprised to see at least one of the children following in Dad's Goonish footsteps. Fusty already has one film to her credit—*Raising A Riot*, with Kenneth More in 1956. But the current betting is on Gussy (alias Stuart), the older lad.

"He certainly has this strange ability of Michael's," says Mrs. Bentine, "of turning everything into off-beat comedy. Not that Michael does it all the time.

"In fact, Michael's background is not at all what you'd expect for a comedian. He doesn't think like one, or intend to act like one, except on the stage. But somehow—I don't know why, and I'm sure he doesn't either—everything he does just turns into high comedy eventually. Humour, laughter and comic situations—they just seem to be all built in there as part of him."

However, as I have indicated, there is more to Michael Bentine than merely the exceptional ability to turn life upside down and make people laugh at his preposterous routines.

Clementina says: "He is so terribly clever, it's almost a waste that he should spend his time in show business."

He speaks French, German, Spanish and several of his *own* languages fluently. He is exceptionally knowledgeable in astronomy. He is also an expert on ancient Greece and Rome—and as a student of ancient Egypt, he once catalogued a whole collection of scarabs and translated a mass of ancient hieroglyphs. He's also a superb shot with a rifle and loves archery.

What else is there to know about this amazing man?

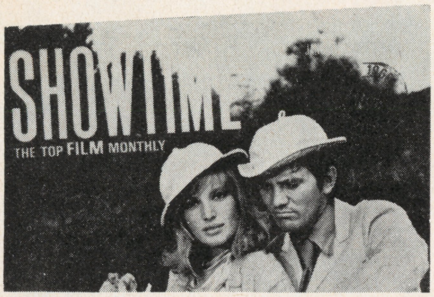
"Every day he comes home with two or three carrier-bags full of food—usually the most exotic kind he can find. And often he brings home guests for a meal at about 15 minutes' notice. I cannot complain, though, because he's an excellent cook. Mind you, it means that I'm down-graded to being just a kitchen-maid tending to the vegetables. But it's worth it; he prepares some wonderfully exotic dishes.

"He also manages to use every pot and pan in the place," she went on, "and there I am running around like a demented bluebottle trying to keep the chaos down. Nobody helps me—they're all listening to Michael's running commentary on his creation!"

I said that life certainly seemed to be hectic with a Bentine around—and she has five of them. "Michael says the most important thing in his life is the children's future. He doesn't care so much about the measure of success they might achieve, as about the sort of people they turn out to be.

"If they turn out like Michael I shall be perfectly happy. I've never stopped being grateful that I married him. We've had our tough patches, but as we've shared them, they've been only half as bad as they might have been. He makes life such fun."

JOHN WEBSTER



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Katrina and the Stars

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*
You may find it difficult to get any form of appreciation during the first half of this month, but when the Sun moves into your 1st House of personality on the 21st, things should definitely begin to improve. Luck-bringer: Colour tangerine.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*
Your solar chart for the month of March favours the acquisition of new friends and acquaintances, some of whom can prove important to your future prosperity. Pecuniary matters shouldn't give any cause for worry, and health prospects are average. Lucky number: 15.

GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*
An overall feeling of optimism appears to dominate during March, and you will feel capable of dealing with anything that crops up. Only one thing to guard against—arguments with friends, especially from the 10th onwards. Best days: 6th, 8th and 21st.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*
Try not to be upset by a possible lack of co-operation from members of your family circle. It is an excellent time for travel and you should get out and about as much as possible. Luck-bringer: Something made of silver.

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*
The continuing transit of Jupiter through your solar 11th House should strengthen your interest in others and encourage new friendships. Should any difficulties arise this month, friends will be willing to help you out. Best days: 4th, 12th and 19th.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd September*
Now that both Uranus and Pluto are "retrograde" once again in your Sign, you may experience a sudden disturbance in your contact with others. Misunderstandings are likely to occur quite frequently, and your feelings need to be particularly controlled if you are to prevent separations and alienations from your loved ones. Lucky colour: Pale blue.

LIBRA *24th September to 23rd October*
Your ruling planet, now transiting your solar 5th House, may incline you to be somewhat self-indulgent and to act on an impulse. Speculation will exert a strong appeal, and you may be lucky in this sphere. Try the numbers 6 and 9 for good fortune.

SCORPIO *24th October to 22nd November*
For some Scorpio folk there is a possibility of attaining cash from a legacy or insurance this month, but, unfortunately, you may have legal difficulties in getting the money into your possession. Definitely not a time for entering into new contracts or signing long-term commitments. Lucky colour: Maroon.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd November to 22nd December*
For those of you who are married or in partnership, much happiness is indicated. There is a likelihood of solutions to past misunderstandings, and the renewal of good terms after long enmity. Health seems excellent and travel is also under favourable aspects. Best days: 5th, 14th and 23rd.

CAPRICORN *23rd December to 20th January*
Some matter, probably related to an older relative may cause anxiety during March and, additionally, various differences in your domestic life must be smoothed over. People will seek your advice and help so that your own work may not make much progress. On the brighter side, you may get an opportunity to expand your circle of friends. Lucky metal: Copper.

AQUARIUS *21st January to 19th February*
Your attitude to life will become more optimistic this month, and you may also feel a desire to speculate. It is a pleasant time for making trips, visits and cementing new ties of friendship. You will feel unusually energetic and long to be "on the go". But make sure that you don't overdo it. Lucky days: 1st, 5th and 9th.

PISCES *20th February to 21st March*
With the Sun now strong in your solar 1st House, you will experience a feeling of vitality and possess greater recuperative powers than usual. This is YOUR month of the year. You can tackle anything with confidence, so don't sit around and waste it. Get out and about and enter fully into life's activities. Best dates: 1st, 4th and 16th.

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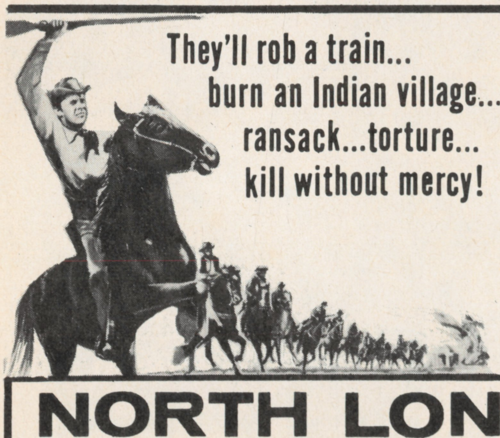

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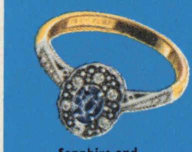
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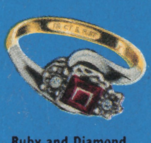
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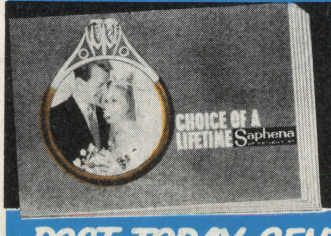

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